

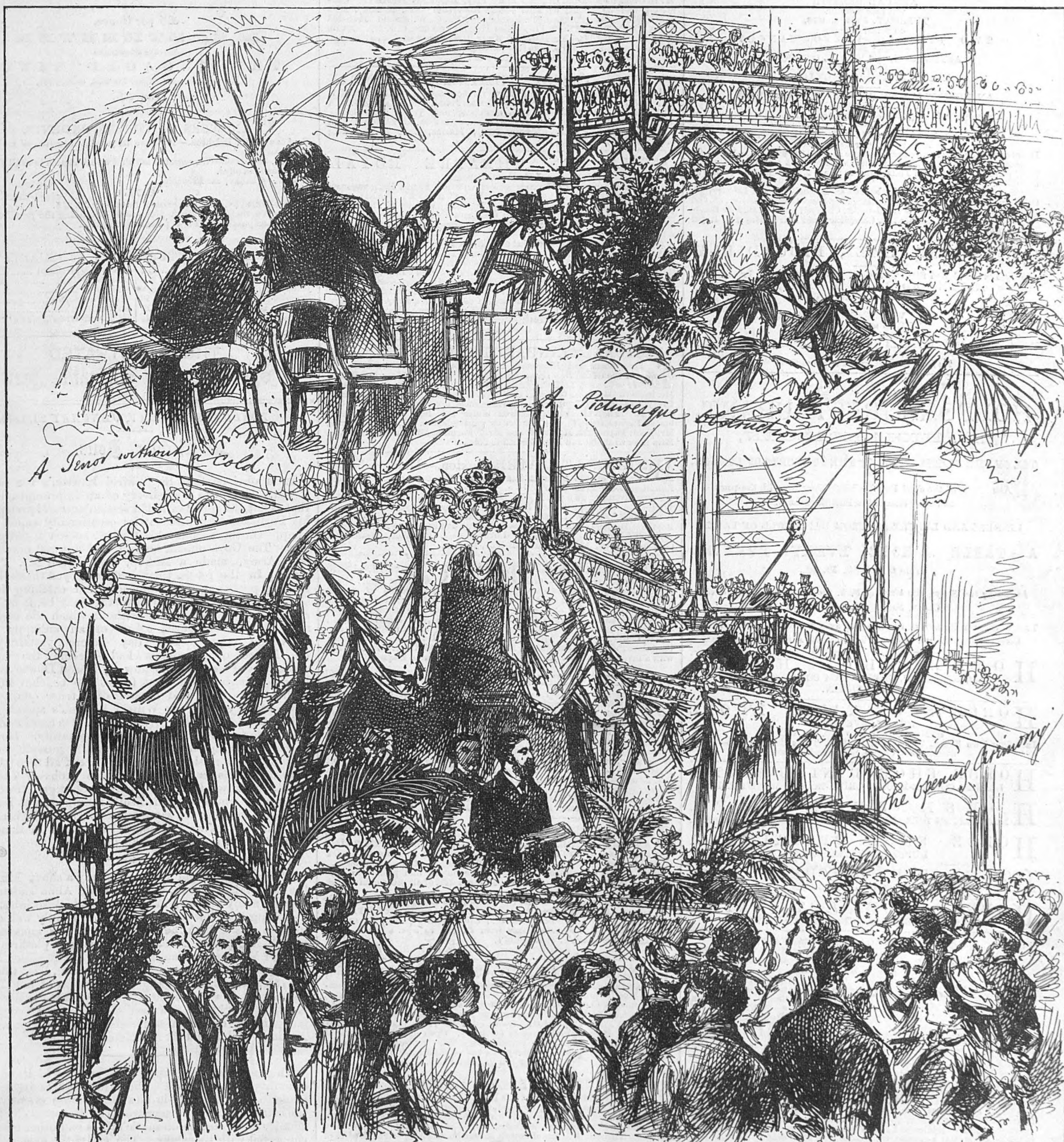
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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No. 102.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
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THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—EXTRA TRAINS—
A New Express-Train, consisting of First-Class Carriages, and including a PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR, will run Every Weekday, between Victoria and Brighton, as under:—

VICTORIA.....dep. 10 45	BRIGHTON.....dep. 5 45
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This Train will convey Passengers at the usual Express Fares each way, a small extra charge being made for the Pullman Drawing-Room Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
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Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.
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AFTERNOON, AT THREE O'CLOCK,
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EVENING, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
AN ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE
MUSICAL PROGRAMME
will be presented on these occasions.
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Doors open for the afternoon performance at 2, for the evening at 7 o'clock.
Tickets and places may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, daily from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. No charge for booking at this office.
Tickets and places may also be booked at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Lacon and Ollier, 168, New Bond-street; Ollivier, 38, Old Bond-street; Bubb, 167, New Bond-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings.

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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT;
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EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at
THREE and EIGHT.
Doors open at 2.30 and 7 o'clock.
Private Boxes, £2 12s. 6d. and £1 11s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.
Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
No fees. No charge for Programmes.

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THEATRES.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. HENRY IRVING will appear EVERY EVENING for a limited number of nights (except Saturdays) as HAMLET. A series of Morning Performances of this great Play will be given during January, on the Evenings of which Days Miss BATEMAN will sustain her celebrated character of LEAH.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.
At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.—N.B. Morning Performance of "Our Boys" on Wednesday next, Feb. 2, and Saturday next, Feb. 5.
Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On MONDAY, JAN. 31, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Feb. 2, 3, and 5. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—Grand MORNING PERFORMANCE of MACBETH, at THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, with an exceptional cast, on FRIDAY, FEB. 4, in Aid of the above Fund.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—Last Four Nights of Miss Neilson as Juliet. In answer to numerous inquiries, Miss Neilson will act, for Four Nights only, Rosalind, in Shakespeare's Comedy AS YOU LIKE IT—viz., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, FEB. 1, 2, 3, and 4. On SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 5, a New Historical Play, entitled ANNE BOLEYN (written by Tom Taylor, Esq.), in which Miss Neilson will play Anne Boleyn. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 precisely, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New and Original Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Miss Plowden, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. At 10, A QUIET RUBBER.—Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office rubbers 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats.
Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—On MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 31, and until further notice. Commence at 7, with TWO TO ONE—Mr. Stephenson, Misses Jones, Williams. At 7.40, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Davis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, ANTARCTIC; or, The Pole and the Traces—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Claude, Venne, &c.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.
Mr. J. A. Cave, Manager.
Triumphant success of the New Grand Operatic Féerie Extravaganza, entitled LORD BATEMAN: HIS ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA, at 8 o'clock. The Music selected and composed by M. Jacobi; the Libretto by Sydney French. Superb Costumes by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, from designs by Alfred Maltby; constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr. J. A. Cave.
The following unprecedented cast:—William Rignold, Frank Hall, J. H. Jarvis, W. G. Ross, G. Robert, L. Fountain, J. Husk, and Harry Paulton; Misses Lennox Grey, Eily Beaumont, Adelaide Newton, Sara Lillian, Kate Garston, A. Hilton, Brunelli, Emma Chambers and Miss Pauline Markham. The Marvellous Faust Family. The Kladderadatsch and Zamoson Troupes. Mlle. Pitteri, Mlle. Feroldi, and upwards of One Hundred Coryphées will appear in the new magnificent Turkish Ballet, arranged by John Lauri. The scenery will be upon a more magnificent scale than hitherto attempted at this theatre, by Albert Calcott. Conclude with an Italian Pantomime.
Open at 6.45.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Opening of the Grand New Entrances and immense success of the best Pantomime ever produced, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Splendid scenery Mr. Richard Douglass. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant pageants and spectacle. Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30, to which children under ten half price. The celebrated Paynes from Covent Garden as pantomimists. Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, and Mr. J. Barnum, Miss Jenny Beaudere, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Emmeline Cole.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Unprecedented Success of the Brilliant Pantomime. The most beautiful Transformation Scene in London.
Every Evening, at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred. Foster, Frederick Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mlles. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe, ten in number. Concluding with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZE, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Lizzie Claremont, Lizzie Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbines, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with a favourite Drama. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.
Every Evening, at 7.45, Grand Pantomime, JACK THE GIANT KILLER. Greatest success in London—vide the Press. "Eccenos Rursum." "Now, by our troth, but we must see this Surrey" says somebody in somebody's historical play. Mr. Punch repeats it in reference to the pantomime at the theatre of that ilk—"taken all round, and Vokeses apart, emphatically the best this year."—Punch, Jan. 29. Preceded, at 7, with screaming Farce. Prices 6d. to 3s. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, to which Children are admitted half price. Miss Jennie Lee, Nellie Moon, Susie Vaughan, Sisters Elliott, &c.; Messrs. Jas. Fawn, H. Taylor, Orkins and Bell, Admiral Tom Trump, &c. Clown, Harry Croustie.
Stage Manager, J. H. Dooyne. Musical Director, Sidney Davis. Secretary, Thos. B. Warne. Acting Manager, W. Parker.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE. Facing the Houses of Parliament. THIS DAY and Every Day at 1.30 and 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, LADY GODIVA; or, Harlequin St. George and the Dragon. Glorious Triumph. There is but one opinion; the press, the public, and profession pronouncing the Palace of Elephants to be the greatest of all great exhibitions. N.B.—No indecent dressing.
The Pantomime will include all the Remarkable Events and Incidents of the Times. Box-office open daily from 10 to 4. Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 10s. to 5s. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.
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Director and Proprietor, Mr. CHARLES HENGLER.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.
PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freeholders of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenaly, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME Every Day, at 3; pronounced by the entire press the greatest pantomime of the season. HARLEQUIN, THE YELLOW DWARF; GEORGE CONQUEST making the Highest Leaps ever attempted; Three Hundred Performers. Magnificent Scenery and Costumes. Children half price.
The Jackey Troupe, Romah, and all the Great Holiday Entertainments Daily. Special Trains. Admission One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S
ENTERTAINMENT, OUR CARD-BASKET, CLEVER PEOPLE, and A SPANISH BOND, EVERY EVENING (except Thursday and Saturday), at 8; Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.—St. George's Hall, Langham-place, Oxford-circus.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. ALEXANDER, Brighton.—We have no present intention of making the appointment.

J. R. T. Liverpool.—We regret to say that we are unable to avail ourselves of your kind offer.

J. NEW.—Thanks; inadmissible.

CARDS.

GORDON HEPBURN.—Only one run of three—viz., 6, 4, 5.

W. H.—We shall have much pleasure in examining the promised Whist hand, and publishing it if it possesses any point.

RACING FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY.

Eltham Spring	1, 2	Newbridge (Ireland)	21
Carmarthen	2, 3	Doncaster Hunt	21, 22
Birmingham	5, 9	Streatham	22, 23
Bromley Spring	15, 16	Worcester Spring	24, 25
Moreton-in-Marsh	17	Halverstown	29
Croydon February	18, 19	Kildare Harriers' Hunt (Ireland) ..	29

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

Circular Notes.

It is obvious that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's fun is often forced. Except in the delivery of an impromptu address that is not the result of half a session's careful preparation, his Parliamentary pleasantries occasionally smell of the lamp. On this account his Carlisle speech is disappointing. The Government, he said, had restored purchase in the Army, made a Bishop, and driven Mr. Plimsoll mad. In the recess they had employed themselves in making peers, sinking ironclads, and catching fugitive slaves. However smart this picture may be, it lacks that appearance of spontaneity without which the caricature resembles the laboured effort of an unhappy writer of comic copy. The day before yesterday, ere the House of Commons had become the howling wilderness of dry facts it now is, Baron Dowse and Mr. Bernal Osborne were wont to set the benches in a roar with flashes of wit and humour of a truer quality than those which enliven Sir Wilfrid Lawson's speeches. He indeed is a jester amongst the jestless. On another account his speech to his constituents is disappointing. He ought to have commented with sympathetic garrulity on her Majesty's suppression of curling. He of all men (the Rev. Dawson Burns and Dr. F. R. Lees probably excepted) should know whether the "hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels" which are periodically indulged in at Balmoral are likely to suffer the same fate as curling. It is alleged, you know, that an inordinate indulgence in dancing is provocative of a thirst for malt liquor.

After all, the Royal Academy is only a show. Mr. Long, the star of last season, as well as Mr. Alma Tadema, the star of many seasons, have been made Associates. Had Mr. Long been out of harness in 1875, or only well enough to do a slight work, he would not at this moment have been A.R.A. Mr. Alma Tadema, whose pictures travel all over Europe like another show, is a naturalised Dutchman, and, being a naturalised Dutchman, has, therefore, the strongest claim on the consideration of our English Academy. It was only fit and proper that the lily should be painted—the fat sow larded. Mr. Alma Tadema was independent of the Associateship and consequently the Academy makes him an Associate.

An annual, greatly expected on account of its supposed scurrility, has appeared. The Prince figures in it, but is made the object of feeble adulation, more offensive than the attacks made in former works of the same class. One chapter is devoted to dramatic critics and other gentlemen connected with the stage. The sprightly author having indulged in more or less uncomplimentary descriptions of

those who would, no doubt, feel greatly honoured by being called his literary brethren, thus describes himself:

... the wisest of all here to night,
A lazy satirist, who holds no vice,
No vanity worth more than one light laugh.
* * * and quite content
To be a Juvenal within himself.

We wish to ask two questions respecting these modest lines. 1. Is "Juvenal" a misprint for "Juvenile"? and, 2. Is the author of this portion of Edward VII. a grandson of Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated wit?

"Here is a hero possessed of all that youthful grace and almost dainty beauty which we can well imagine to have distinguished the young Montague." This is the verdict of a discerning dramatic critic. It is something, even in days that are singularly fruitful of pretty men ("Where are your sweet pretty men?" asks Mr. Leigh, in one of his inimitable carols) of the H. J. Montague and Rignold type, to be able to boast of "a dainty beauty"—a graceful *Romeo*. He may not speak the lines set down for him as they should be spoken, but he is so pretty. He may rant—but, oh, do observe his radiant orbs! His voice may be like unto the voice of a dry wheel grating on an axletree—but who ever saw such pearly incisors?—And to this complexion we have come at last.

Purchasers of the *Newcastle Critic* get weight for money—and originality. In point of style the major portion of "the canny toon's" one literary, satirical, and social journal falls short of the High Level created by the dignified pen of the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday; but that which is lacking in story, article, and verse is abundantly present in the advertisements. Every one of these bears the impress of literary skill of a high order. The editor who touched them up possesses an eye, probably two, capable of rolling with a fine frenzy on the slightest provocation. With melancholy misgivings, therefore, we turn from the advertisements—which for obvious reasons we cannot quote—to the *Critic's* "News, Notes, and Notions." "Some" is a favourite word of the editor's, and so is "party." The Queen may want "a few more thousand pounds for some of her deserving family." "Every educated man and woman has read Shakspeare and some of the rest of our dramatic writers." The *Critic* "considers it reprehensible in any man who is master of English grammar to allow himself to violate its rules in speaking." May he be allowed "to violate its rules in" writing, most merciless *Critic*? We read in your columns "that a meeting of clergymen" was held "in Alnwick recently to confer on the burials question, suicides were mentioned, as parties to whose bodies the Church refused to grant Christian burial." We are, further, let into the secret of the present supineness of the public with regard to the Suez Canal and the Austrian Note. "For a very long time past there has been a growing suspicion abroad that things were not all right in the yearly accounts presented before the Newcastle Town Council." That suspicion, which has been growing abroad, has come to a head. The public can think of nothing else.

But our *Critic* can turn you out a biography before which the written lives of great men, by John Forster and Company, sink into tame insignificance. The personage who is operated on in the third number of the *Critic* is Miss Emily Faithfull. "Did any of our readers," asks the *Critic*, "ever attempt the herculean task of writing a biographical sketch of a lady? If so, he can appreciate the feelings with which we now undertake the work before us." Well, Sir, we can no more appreciate your feelings than you can what ours were after we had inspected your "work," as you are pleased to term it. Here is a specimen of the biographer's hysteria:—"There! What a breach of decorum we have committed! To mention a lady's age is unpardonable; but we are not the offenders in this case, as we merely repeat what we found in 'Men of the Time.' Playful dog! One might almost imagine that the editor had scented a joke in the idea of Miss Faithfull's age having been recorded in 'Men of the Time.'" However, not content with poking us in the ribs and almost depriving us of our breath, he terrifies us with the following startling details:—"Miss Faithfull was educated at a school in Kensington, and it is said that even in childhood she exhibited those traits of character that have since made her so useful and so justly famous." Is not "the child the father of the Man"—of the Time, gentle *Critic*? "It appears that from her early days she was accustomed to mix in good society;" that she "for a while mingled with the gaieties of London fashionable life; though"—but enough. We commiserate her on her biographer.

Mr. Carton, whose name is as new to us as it would seem to be to a contemporary, is, for aught we know to the contrary (and doubtless we should have had personal knowledge of the matter if the dear old Colonel had been living), a most capable *Oscar*. We are glad to know this for Hamlet's sake. The part is not a great part, but it wants playing. Of course Mr. Carton is now deep in the study of *Romeo*.

If they gave better prizes at the spelling-bees in the county of Durham, some of our cockney experts at the game might make a profitable tour through that part of the North of England. At a competition held in the Seaham Harbour Methodist Free Church there were ten competitors, eight gentlemen and two ladies. The battle showed, amongst other, the following results:—"Meen" instead of "mean" reduced the number to nine; "ceaves" instead of "sieves" threw another candidate; "nob" instead of "knob" brought the number down to seven; "plumer" in the place of "plumber" further reduced the competitors. Other words were put, and, on "balloon" being given, it was spelt "baloon," reducing the number to three. "Ethereal" was put to one gentleman, and he spelt it "etheral." "Acra" was put to a lady, and she spelt it "achre." The first prize, 10s., was awarded to Mr. Henry Day, of her Majesty's Custom House, Seaham.

As a strictly sporting commentator would observe, the form was poor.

We overheard a provincial F.R.W.A. (Fellow of the Royal Westminster Aquarium) express his views, in soliloquy, about the show. "Call this the opening of an aquarium! More like opening an empty oyster. Tanks, but no fish. Blest if I believe there's any water in 'em. And then look at the programme, and the people in reserved seats! Why have not I a seat there? And the Russian National Hymn. It was the Russian National Her I wanted to see." Hereupon we interposed, and showed the humorist the nearest way to "Fleet-street."

There must be something good in Mr. Holms's scheme for the reform of the Army. *Punch* ridicules it so earnestly.

"The mighty hunter of the antediluvian era would, without doubt, be as notable a man over Leicestershire as he was in Arabia, or in whatever country he was the 'popular M.F.H.' of the period, and might, perhaps, have preferred pink tops and Hammond's breeches to wolf-skins and eagles' feathers, while it is also reasonable to infer that he would have given the 'whoo-oop' over a defunct reynard as heartily as he might have proclaimed the downfall of an ichthyosaurus or other wild animal at that time to be found on the face of the earth." Now really, "Augur," this sort of thing won't do, you know. You are evidently unwell. Suffering from an overdose of straw-bed. Why didn't you go to Nice? A temporary sojourn amongst its orange groves and roulette tables would have completely swept eagles' feathers and ichthyosaurus and other wild animals from the range of your unhappy vision. Under the circumstances, "Augur," hadn't you better try a week's holiday at Newmarket?

SKETCHES FROM THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE OPENING OF THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM, as graciously performed by the Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday last, is pictured in our front Illustration. The afternoon and evening concerts formed the specialties of the inaugural day; and they will be found commented on in our musical review. Appropriate enough was it that the "Sailor Prince" and a rakish guard of honour of the Royal Naval Reserve should countenance the marine aquarium by throwing it open to the public; and when the original design for the Royal Aquarium and Winter Garden (already described in detail in this Journal) shall have been carried out—when fish swim in the empty tanks, when the theatre and rink are finished, and flowers and plants are displayed in sufficient abundance to warrant the use of the Eden-suggesting part of the title—why then this new place of recreation will be ready for a real instead of a formal opening, and we shall, doubtless, be able to congratulate Mr. Wybrow Robertson upon the triumphant accomplishment of a project to which we wish every success. The Westminster Aquarium is a marvel of quick building, and is worthy of the fame which Messrs. Lucas have attained; thanks to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. George Mount as conductor of an efficient band, the musical attractions of the "Royal" are already great; and there are in the picture galleries, well hung by Mr. Knight and Mr. Arthur Tilt, several good paintings; but it was surely premature to open the Aquarium without a single fish save a few gold fish.

THE LIGHT PIECES

at present attracting most attention at the London theatres afford Mr. George Cruikshank, jun., subjects for a few characteristic sketches on page 428. After being moved to heartiest laughter by the rich humour of Toole in *Tottles*, one may, perhaps, deem Mr. Reece's *Toole at Sea* something of an anti-climax; yet it is impossible to help being entertained by the arch vivacity of Miss Farren and the further drollery of Toole in this nautical nightmare. Mr. Farnie's *Antarctic*, at the Strand, being the text of our "Captious *Critic*," this week, need not be referred to here further than to thank Messrs. Terry, Cox, and Marius, Misses Angelina Claude and Lottie Venn for the unflagging spirits and fun they are ever full of. *Madame l'Archiduc* drew one of the fullest houses the Opéra Comique has ever known on Saturday evening last; and Mr. Morton was in the best of spirits, though poor Mr. Hill still looked very much like a fish out of water as the promoted partner of Madame l'Archiduc; and the two ladies, whose vain ambition it is to rival Schneider, did not quite succeed in equalling the cancanesque heroine of Offenbach's immortal operas.

Mesdames Soldene and Kate Santley, in *Madame l'Archiduc*, were, however, discussed amply enough by our musical critic last week. Willie Edouin, "that Heathen Chinee" for whose introduction to the London stage we are indebted to Miss Lydia Thompson, bounds on to the boards of the Globe for the last time on Friday night in the *Blue Beard* moral ballet. So this is the very last night for seeing the fair Lydia, Bluebeard Brough, Edouin, and Collette in the most successful burlesque we have had for years. This long-continued success of Mr. Farnie's *Blue Beard* may have tempted Mr. Burnand to perpetuate *Black-Eyed Susan* as a perennial burlesque. Be that as it may, the thousands who were tickled with the "Pretty Seusan" of Miss Oliver, the jovial Captain Crossree of Mr. Dewar, and the bewitchingly piquante ma of Mr. Danvers, at the Royalty are not unlikely to pay a fresh visit to *Black-Eyed Susan* at her new home in Holborn, the Duke's Theatre, where the three leading characters above mentioned are sustained as ably as of old by their original representatives. Our Artist, it will be seen, has not been unmindful of that particular section of the community who have scruples against going to the theatre, but who, nevertheless, show themselves perfectly capable of appreciating the humour of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's drawing-room entertainments. A dramatic scene from *A Spanish Bond* at St. George's Hall is also limned, the dramatic personæ being Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Alfred Reed, and Misses Fanny Holland and Braham. This bright and amusing comedy is from the pen of Mr. Gilbert a'Beckett, the music being by Mr. German Reed.

"Lord Bateman, he was a noble lord," who might very well have served any experienced burlesque-writer as a peg on which to hang the most amusing of caricatures of the travelling Briton who does his best, by intense conceit and absurd cadism, to bring into ridicule the country which had the misfortune to give birth to him. That Mr. Cave, the spirited manager of the Alhambra, has done everything in his power to make *Lord Bateman* a deserved success cannot fail to be acknowledged by anyone who has witnessed the humour and drollery of the opening scene and admired the magnificence and "go" of the grand nautch ballet—emphatically one of the most, if not the most, brilliant and lively ballets we have

ever seen. Had the leading actors and the author but done their work as well and thoroughly as the manager has done his, beyond a doubt the extravaganza would have been more satisfactory as a whole than it is. The first scene—a rollicking scene on board ship—holds forth good promise of an interesting piece throughout. Not that much entertainment is afforded by the principal personages who, by prescriptive right, step forward to the footlights, and endeavour to monopolise the attention of the audience; but there is a humorous suggestion of Uncle Toby in the primitive courtship struck up by the gallant Captain Halyard (Mr. Jarvis) with the ancient Duchess that makes one regret the jovial skipper's early disappearance from the play. Good humour is restored, however, when that capital patterer, Mr. Frank Hall, rolls on as "the Big Bashaw" in the amplest of "unmentionables;" and it may be repeated that the grand ballet, for the arrangement of which Mr. John Lauri must be credited, is the liveliest and most effective and resplendent ballet that even the Alhambra boards have seen. Hand-some, varied, and tasteful in the extreme are the dresses of the several amazonian corps, elegantly designed by Mrs. Alfred Maltby; and the music of M. Jacobi's well-trained band evidently infuses into the ballet alternately unwonted vigour and languishing grace such as can scarce have been equalled by the nautch-dancers who have gyrated before the Prince of Wales in India. Mdles. Pitteri and Pertoldi are the premières danseuses, and they were certainly never seen to greater advantage. The adventures of Mr. William Rignold and Mr. Harry Paulton as Lord Bateman and Rhadamanthus John, and Miss Pauline Markham and Miss Emma Chambers as Lady Mabel and Bridget, do but lead up to this splendid ballet, which takes place before a fairy scene which the art of Mr. Albert Calcott has made worthy of it.

MR. SPENCER PONSONBY AND MR. J. A. CAVE.—A correspondence has taken place between Mr. Spencer Ponsonby and Mr. J. A. Cave, the present acting-manager of the Alhambra, with reference to some contemplated alterations in the construction of the theatre. In a recent letter to Mr. Cave Mr. Ponsonby writes as follows:—"I need not remind you that the renewal, in any shape, of the canteen will not be permitted. I regret to hear that your connection with the Alhambra is to cease; and will gladly bear testimony to the increased respectability of the establishment since you have been manager."

"WHICH IS THE ASS?"

WE really cannot say. Apprise us of the age, sex, and condition of the interlocutor, and the expected answer shall be given. "Which is the ass?" quotha. Neither. The dear old quadruped, his master's uncomplaining companion during many a weary, dusty day's journey, does not mind it in the least. Look at him. He actually dozes in the sunshine, drowsed into a state of stolid contentment at the thought (for even asses have been known to think) that he has not lived in vain. Who knows but what he is at this very moment playing the part of a stepping-stone to his master's fortunes? The damsel is comely and good-natured. Her admirer is audacious and ardent? Whether he is handsome or not we cannot say. His face is half hidden in shadow; but his intentions are partially explained by that bouquet which he declines to deliver up until he has arranged the terms of the transfer. "Which is the ass?" forsooth. Again we reply, neither.

THE NEW YORK STAGE.

MR. OAKLEY HALL has tried himself in his *Crucible* at the Park Theatre, but scarcely found himself sterling dramatic metal. We recently chronicled his début. We now have to record his complete melting down and subsidence from the stage, which melancholy event occurred on the 8th inst.

Mr. H. J. Byron's *Married in Haste* was acted for the first time at Wallack's Theatre on the 12th inst. Gibson Green is just the part for Mr. Lester Wallack. The careless and good-natured cynical indifference, and the real warm-heartedness and generosity of the man when roused, were exhibited by Mr. Wallack with a degree of graceful, unstudied ease, and a measure of artistic skill and discrimination worthy of the highest praise. Miss Ada Dyas, as Ethel Grainger, is very warmly praised by the New York press.

The merits of Mr. Daley's new play, *Pique*, and the ability shown by Miss Davenport in a part widely different from those with which her reputation had been associated, together with Mr. Fisher's admirable impersonation of a Puritan New Englander, continue to fill the Fifth Avenue Theatre with compact and delighted audiences nightly.

The representation of *Julius Caesar* at Booth's is esteemed one of the worthiest theatrical enterprises of our time.

Rose Michel has satisfied all holiday requirements of the Union-Square Theatre.

The French company have concluded their performances at the Lyceum with a representation of *Gavaut, Minard, et Cie*.

The additions recently made at the Colosseum have had a reanimating effect on public interest in the fine display of the scenes and incidents of the Prussian siege of Paris and of the orgie of Communism in the French capital.

The pantomime *Nimble Nip* occupies the bill at the Olympic. The burlesque and pantomime at the Eagle Theatre, and especially the transformation scene, prove potent attractions.

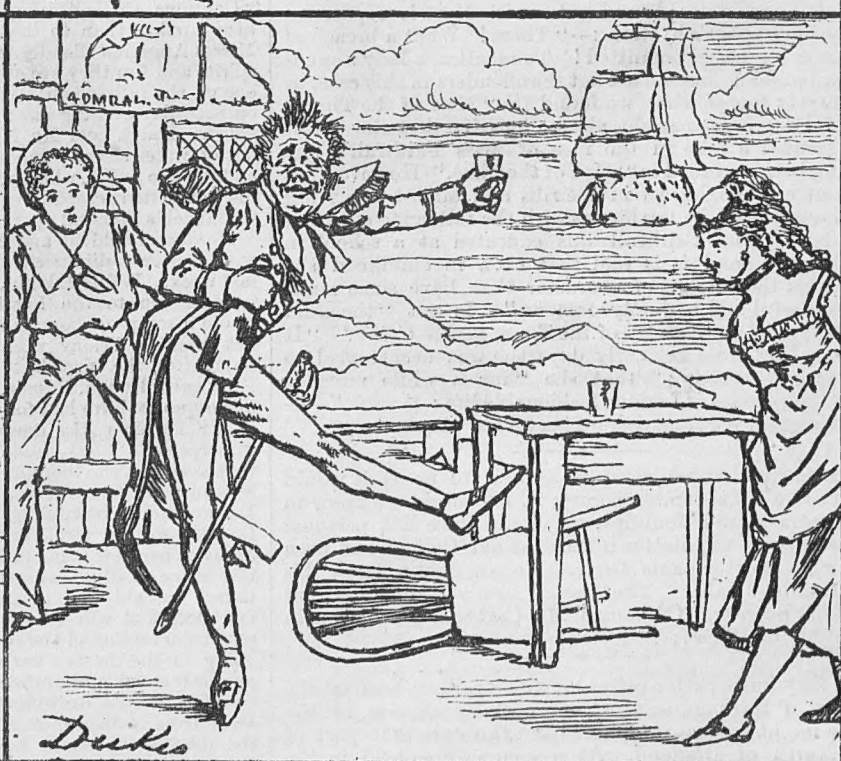
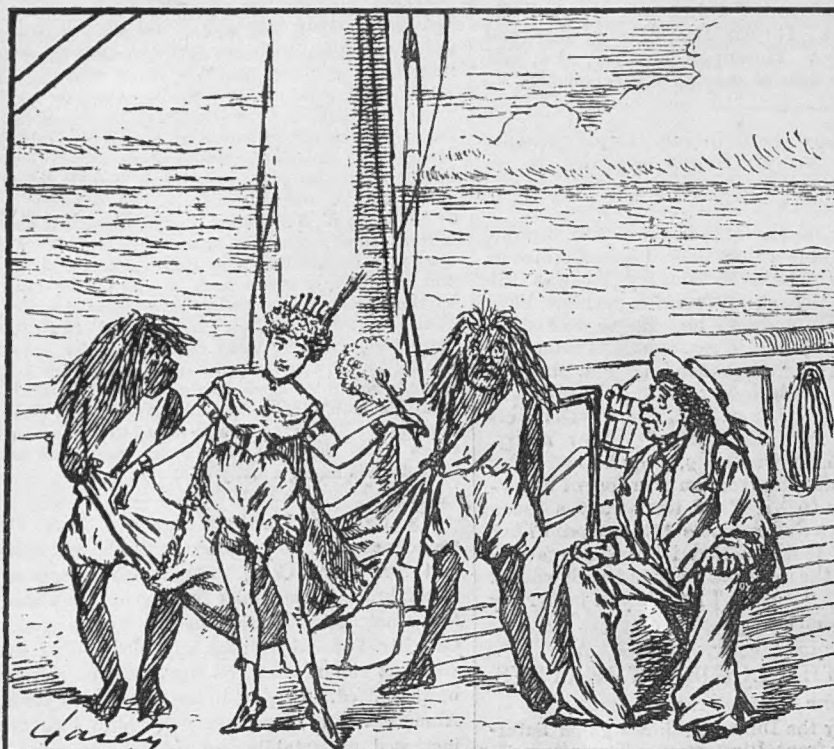
The *Cut Glove* is a strong attraction at Wood's Museum. The plot of the play is of that exciting kind which best pleases the patrons of this house, and it serves to introduce Mr. Jule Keen and Miss Sallie Adams, and give them opportunities to display their versatility and skill as "Dutch" comedians, singers, and players upon a variety of instruments.

THE DUBLIN AMNESTY ASSOCIATION AND MR. DION BOUCAULT.—At a committee meeting of the Dublin Amnesty Association, held last Tuesday evening in Dublin, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Dion Boucault for his efforts in favour of the release of the political prisoners. The association also passed a vote of condolence to Mr. Boucault on account of the loss he has sustained by the melancholy death of his son.

BULOW, WAGNER'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.—To the Editor.—Sir,—Would you be kind enough to explain what you mean by saying that Bulow is called Wagner's brother-in-law, "which is a new name for it." What is their relationship?—LAURA T. [We expect every day an unabridged Webster, and will try to find therein an expression which gives to a nicety the degree of relationship between a man, whose wife, after being divorced from him, marries again, and her new husband. Perhaps brother-in-love, or successor-in-law, or some such title would do.]—New York "Music Trade Review."

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

SKETCHES AT THE THEATRES.



"TOOLE AT SEA" (GAJETTY).
 "MADAME L'ARCHIDUC" (OPERA COMIQUE).
 "A SPANISH BOND" (GERMAN REED'S).

"ANTARCTIC" (STRAND).
 MORAL BALLEET IN "BLUE BEARD" (GLOBE).
 "BLACK-EYED SUSAN" (DUKE'S).

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. No. I.

By HENRY ESHERE.

"WAGNER ON THE BRAIN."

Personages:—Mr. A. FLATTE, Mr. B. SHARPE, and G. PRESTOW.

Scene:—Long Walk, Kensington Gardens, A.D. 1876.

(Enter Mr. A. FLATTE, running and dodging among the trees; sits down on bench, and whistles Music of the Future. Enter Mr. B. SHARPE; sits down on bench, and whistles Music of the Past.)

Flatte. Fond of music, Sir?

Sharpe. Very.

Flatte. So am I, Sir. I am a composer. I have just finished

an opera, and shall be happy to see you at the rehearsal to-morrow.

Sharpe. Thanks.

Flatte. My opera is an inspired anticipation of the Music of the Future. The action is supposed to take place in the twenty-fifth century. I should like to give you an idea of the work; and I think you will say that the orchestration is splendid. I need hardly say that I dispense with singers.

Sharpe. Indeed?

Flatte. Oh, yes, of course. Six hundred years hence the orchestra will be paramount in opera. Well, I have scored my work for a three-handed harp, made expressly for me at Pedaller's Acre; two trombones, one cornet, and two trumpets, *pizzicato*; flute, piccolo, clarinet, and double flageolet, *sempre**legato*; four double basses, each with double escapement and going fusee; four violins playing different tunes in harmonics, *altissimo*; and such a horn! My horn will be twelve feet high, with two men to work the valves, and a third man on the top of a ladder to supply the wind with a pair of my new patent bellows. Kettledrums and cymbals made entirely out of standard silver thimbles! What do you think of that?

Sharpe (rather uneasy). Well, really—

Flatte. I know. You feel there is still something wanting. Of course there is. Sir, I am equal to the occasion. To complete the balance of my orchestra, I add six side drums—three in the major mode, three in the relative minor. Won't that be delicious?

Sharpe. I should hardly think so.



THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE—ITS EFFECT ON THE ORCHESTRA.

Flatte. You don't like the six side drums? Sir, I took you for a connoisseur. You are nothing but an impostor! Leave the room, Sir.

Sharpe (aside). This is pleasant. (Aloud.) Calm yourself, Sir, pray.

Flatte. Sir, you shall not stay another moment under my roof! Leave the room, instantly! (Turns up his cuffs.)

Sharpe (preparing for action). Just mind what you are about, or I shall be obliged to—

(Enter G. PRESTOW, running.)

Prestow. Oh, there he is, at last! (Runs up to FLATTE, and forces him back on to bench.)

Flatte (meekly). Certainly, Prestow, if you wish. (Crosses his legs, and whistles the favourite melodies sung by Ortrud and Telramund in the second act of *Lohengrin*.)

Prestow. Sit down!

Sharpe. What is the meaning of this?

Prestow. Well, you see, Sir, this here gentleman's a loonatic, and I'm his keeper.

Sharpe. Is he a musician?

Prestow. Only what they call a hammer-chewer.

Flatte (glaring at Sharpe). Make him leave the room!

Prestow. You sit down!

Sharpe. Has he been long insane?

Prestow. Well, Sir, it appear that he fust went queer about two year ago; when he took and jined a Waggoner's Society, as held their friendly leads somewheres near Regent-street.

Sharpe. That was a grave symptom.

Prestow. Yes, Sir. You see his friends was respectable, and, of course, they didn't like that.

Sharpe. I should think not, indeed.

Prestow. Then he wanted to jine a society, as had been got up by some young gents as was learnin' the pianner, for the Dewel—Dewelopment of Hirin' Pianners, or somethin' of that sort.

Sharpe. You mean the "Society for the Infinitesimal Development of Pianoforte-Playing."

Prestow. That's it, Sir! Well, last autumn, he disappears all of a sudden; and a few weeks arterwards his friends was telegraphed for to fetch him back from some place in Jarminy, with a Scotch name to it. Blare—Blare—Blareoot, I think it was.

Sharpe. You mean Bayreuth, where the Wagner Rehearsals took place last year.

Prestow. Right you are, Sir. Well, this here unfortnit gentleman appear to have sot out all them rehearsals—every man-jack of 'em; and now;—you see the consequences!

Sharpe. Poor fellow! He must have suffered much. Do

you find him troublesome? (Flatte appears to be suffering from toothache, but is only trying to whistle the overture to "Der Meistersinger.")

Prestow. About the full of the moon he's apt to get cranky and orders the cook to "hash him up some Music of the Futur, well done!" and then we turn on the machine.

Sharpe. What machine?

Prestow. We've got a machine made, that is warranted by the maker to go on playin' for three hours without once stoppin' to take breath, and to change the key every quarter of a minute. It imitates the skreeks of a violin that nateral that it makes you feel as if a gimblet was goin' through your ears. So when he gits rampagious we stuffs our ears with cotton-wool, and sets the machine a-goin'. And he leans back in his chair, and turns his eyes up to the ceilin', and says, "Hex-quisite! 'Evinly! We're a anticipatin' the delights of posterity!" he says.

Flatte (pointing at SHARPE). This man shall not stay under my roof another moment. (To SHARPE). Quit my house, Sir!

Prestow (forcing him back on to seat). You shut up! (To SHARPE) Werry cold, ain't it, Sir? A glass of hot six rum and a slice of lemon 'ud be werry comfutable on a mornin' like this, wouldn't it, Sir?

Sharpe (gives him a shilling). Go and try the experiment.
 Prestow. Thankee, Sir.
 Sharpe. Be kind to the poor fellow. There are many lunatics of the same sort in Germany, and a few in England but they have not all got keepers.
 Prestow (anxiously). It isn't ketching, is it, Sir?
 Sharpe. There is no danger for people who possess common sense.
 Prestow (much relieved). A-a-ah!
 Flatte. I insist on his leaving the house! Immediately!
 Prestow. You come along! (To SHARPE). Good day, Sir!
 Sharpe. Good day! [Exit PRESTOW, leading off FLATTE
 Sharpe (solus). Poor man! Another case of 'Wagner on the brain!'" [Exit.]

The Drama.

With the exception of the production of one novelty, Mr. Craven's three-act drama *Too True*, at the Duke's Theatre, on Saturday evening; the closing performance at the Criterion, on the same night, of *Brighton* and *The Debutante*, by Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company; and the revival at the Adelphi, on Monday, of Mr. Edmund Falconer's Irish drama *Peep o' Day*, in succession to the *The Shaughraun*, represented for the last time on Saturday night, the week has been generally uneventful.

On Saturday last morning performances took place of *Hamlet*, with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum; *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock for the last time, at the Gaiety, where Byron's comedy *Married in Haste* was represented by the Charing-Cross company on Wednesday; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, and *Black-Eyed Susan* at the Duke's.

To-day the same pieces will be repeated at the Lyceum, Vaudeville, and the Duke's, and at the Gaiety matinee Mr. Phelps will appear as Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

CRITERION THEATRE.—The representations of *Brighton* and *The Debutante* by Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company were brought to a close on Saturday evening, and the theatre has remained closed since to undergo alterations and improvements for the comfort of the visitors previous to reopening under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson on Monday evening next, when a new fairy extravaganza by Mr. Farnie, founded on "Le Grand Duc de Mertapa," will be produced, under the title of *Piff-Paff, or the Magic Armory* and supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mdle. Dubois, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Collette, Mr. Edouin, and the other members of the Globe company, strengthened by some additions, including Miss Pauline Markham.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—When *The Shaughraun* was transferred from Drury Lane to this theatre, so recently as Christmas, it could scarcely have then been contemplated that it should have such a brief occupancy of its new home; however, owing to internal discord or other reasons best known to those most vitally interested, the management deemed fit to cut short its career, and the play was represented for the last time on Saturday night. It was superseded on Monday evening by another famous Irish drama, Mr. Edmund Falconer's *Peep o' Day*; or, *Savourneen Deelish*, which, produced originally at the Lyceum, in 1861, was, after a continuous run of many months, transferred to Drury Lane, with renewed success, and has at different times subsequently been represented at other metropolitan theatres as well as throughout the provinces. The revival is mounted with effective scenery and well supported in the leading characters, including Mr. Falconer in his original part of Barney O'Toole, Mr. S. Emery as the priest O'Leary, Mr. Fernandez as Harry Kavanagh, formerly played by Mr. Shore, who now appears as Stephen Pursell, the typical Irish *mauvais sujet*, Mr. McIntyre once more being the scoundrelly Black Mullens, Mr. Terriss as Captain Howard, Miss Lydia Foote as the heroine, Kavanagh's sister Kathleen, Miss Hudspeth as Mary Grace, Miss Nott as the widow, and Miss Marson as Shelah. The bustling incidents of the fair and faction fight, and the sensational effects and situations in the old quarry scene, produce all the same deep interest as of old, and are as strikingly represented.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Miss Lydia Thompson and her company appeared for the last time here in *Blue Beard* last night, and migrate, as already stated, to the Criterion on Monday next. To-night Messrs. Doyly Carte and Dolby's company remove from the Royalty to this theatre with the new opera-bouffe, *The Duke's Daughter* (*La Timbale d'Argent*). Madame Selina Dolaro is, we hear, engaged to sustain the rôle of Malvina at the Globe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—A slight accident having occurred during the fencing scene on Tuesday evening, Mr. Irving was unable to appear in *Hamlet* on the two following nights, *Leah* being performed instead. The last morning performances of *Hamlet* will take place to-day and next Saturday, Feb. 5, the evening representations of this tragedy terminating on Friday next. After a short interval of rest to Mr. Irving, during which Miss Bateman will appear nightly as Leah, Shakespeare's play will be produced on Monday, Feb. 14, with Mr. Irving as the Moor.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Miss Neilson will repeat Juliet for the last time on Monday next. She will appear as Rosalind in *As You Like It* on the four following evenings, and on Saturday night Tom Taylor's new historical play *Anne Boleyn* will be produced, in which Miss Neilson will sustain the title rôle.

THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

"TOO TRUE."

In his new three act drama, produced here on Saturday last under the title of *Too True*, Mr. Craven has taken a higher flight in the dramatic sphere than the orb of little domestic plays like *Meg's Diversion*, *Miriam's Crime*, *Milky White*, and others of this class, for which he has earned a well-deserved reputation as a dramatist. Although it cannot be affirmed that the author has been altogether successful in this more ambitious essay, Mr. Craven so far retains his old form in concentrating the chief interest in *Too True* around the harrowing trials and tribulations of a humble couple, John Fernley, an honest, true-hearted carpenter of Lymington, and his gentle peasant wife, Alice. The key-note of the exciting and impressive story, which takes place in 1685, just after the failure of Monmouth's ill-fated outbreak, is indicated in an extract from Macaulay, printed on the programme:—"The anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harboured rebels than against the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable." Arthur Nelthorpe (Mr. F. H. Macklin) is engaged to Janet Coventry (Miss Ada Lester), the sister of his friend, Rupert Coventry (Mr. Roland), an officer and staunch adherent of King James. Through the revengeful machinations of Gilbert Sellman (Mr. Righton), a Government spy disguised as a Quaker, who is a rejected aspirant for the hand of Janet, Nelthorpe is denounced as having harboured the rebel Monmouth, and a warrant is issued for his apprehension; but Nelthorpe flies before it can be executed, and is sheltered, unknown to her husband, Fernley, by his former sweetheart, Alice. The spy Sellman again turns up, and, discovering that the fugitive has been concealed by Alice, causes her to be arrested, and the act ends in a strong melodramatic incident of the poor wife being torn from the arms of her confiding and loving husband and carried off to prison. Janet Coventry had been mainly instrumental in aiding Sellman in procuring the arrest of Alice—through her dormant jealousy being aroused on witnessing unseen the farewell between her betrothed, Nelthorpe, and Alice, just as the former is leaving her humble shelter to escape by a fishing-smack in the offing to Holland. In the third act there is much needless confusion as well as some obscurity in the thread of incidents which are, however, intensely affecting, in the agony endured by Janet, who is now aware of the groundlessness of her suspicions and of her vindictiveness towards Alice, who has been condemned to be burned at the stake; in the overwhelming grief and misery of the broken hearted Fernley at the approaching cruel torture of his dear wife Alice, and his frantic appeals for mercy, and in the, above all, painful and deeply touching farewell between the loving pair as Alice is on her way to the stake. Janet has personally appealed to Judge Jeffries for Alice's pardon, but in vain, except on condition that she herself should deliver up her lover to justice. This is impossible, as she supposes Nelthorpe is safe in Holland. Nelthorpe has however returned, disguised as a fisherman; he urges her to comply with the condition and give him up, but she still refuses, as she loves him. Sellman now offers to save Alice if Janet will become his wife. After a repugnant struggle, and overcome by the thoughts of the cruel wrong she has done Alice, she reluctantly consents, and Sellman goes off to carry out his promise. All, however, comes to a happy ending. Just as the stake is about being lighted a reprieve arrives, Alice is rescued and brought in, fainting, in the arms of her husband. Retributive justice follows Sellman, he is slain by the fisherman who aided in Nelthorpe's escape, and a pardon for the latter is found concealed on his body. So Nelthorpe is restored to his sweetheart, Janet Coventry. Notwithstanding a few dissentient symptoms during some portions of the drama, especially at the catch phrases—intended to be humorous—of the Sheriff, the general and final verdict of the audience was very favourable; and, with some excisions and much compression, *Too True* is likely to turn out a success. Mr. Craven, although somewhat indistinct in parts on the first night as John Fernley, has a part exactly suited to his powers, and portrayed the rugged pathos as he has often done in similar characters, and occasionally was almost tragic in his intensity. Miss Louisa Moore, as Alice, acted with charming gentleness and touching pathos wholly feminine and unexaggerated. Miss Ada Lester gave a careful and intelligent rendering of Janet Coventry, but requires a little more ease and less effort—a few repetitions will overcome these defects. Mr. Righton, as the villainous spy, Sellman, was, next to Fernley and Alice, the most successful impersonation; and Rupert Coventry, the Royalist officer, and his friend and future brother-in-law, found adequate representatives in Mr. Frank Roland and Mr. Macklin. Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan*, which followed the drama, maintains its well-earned fame and popularity.

A MORNING performance, in aid of the American Centennial Fund, will take place at Drury Lane next Friday, Feb. 4, when *Macbeth* will be represented, with Miss Genevieve Ward as Lady Macbeth, supported by a strong cast.
 The pantomime *Whittington and His Cat*, at Drury Lane, must be withdrawn on Saturday, March 4, in consequence of the departure of the Vokes family for America.
 Miss CAVENDISH has finished her very successful provincial tour, and, after a brief rest, will proceed on another. She will reappear in London, at the Globe, at Easter.
 A NEW piece, by Mr. G. M. Layton, is in preparation at the Gaiety.
 A MORNING performance, for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Swanborough (treasurer), will take place at the Strand Theatre next Wednesday, when, in addition to the amusing comedy, *A Lesson in Love*, a new piece of absurdity, a burlesque upon Mr. Gilbert's *Broken Hearts*, will be produced, under the title of *Cracked Heads*.
 MR. CHARLES RICE will shortly play Shylock, in a condensed version of *The Merchant of Venice*, at Covent Garden.
 MORNING PERFORMANCES of *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville, will take place on Wednesday and Saturday next.
 BYRON'S comedy of *Married in Haste* will again be performed by the Charing-Cross company, at the Gaiety, on Wednesday afternoon next.
 THE death of Frederick Lemaître, the eminent French actor, is announced from Paris.
 THE new Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, just completed, after the design of Mr. C. J. Phipps, was to have opened last night.
 CAMDEN COMEDY COMPANY.—The members of this company gave another very successful performance at the King's-Cross Theatre on Wednesday week. The first piece on the programme was *The Household Fairy*, in which the respective parts were fairly played by Miss E. Graham and Mr. R. Dalton. W. S. Gilbert's comedy, *An Old Score*, followed, and was throughout played with a smoothness and attention to detail rarely witnessed among amateur actors. As Colonel Calthorpe Mr. S. Caffrey was most effective, and as Harold, his son, Mr. W. Baker was all that could be desired, his acting in the second act being especially worthy of praise. Mr. Mitchell's James Casby was an excellent performance, considering the difficulties of the part; and the Flathers of Mr. Kendrick created much merriment. Miss Mary Eastlake looked and acted the part of the proud and haughty Ethel Barrington to the life; and Miss M. Robins was charming as the "simple little music-mistress," Mary Waters. The small parts were all well sustained. The entertainment was brought to a close amidst roars of laughter, consequent upon the production of an original burlesque, entitled, *Wice versus Virtue*; or, *the Three W's by the Three C's*. The house was crowded in every part.
 A PERFORMANCE of *Hamlet* by a company which includes many of the best known London amateurs is announced for next Thursday at St. George's Hall. Mr. Francis Harley, of whose qualifications for the part report speaks highly, plays the title-rôle; and Miss Maud Branscombe, who has never yet had a chance of playing an important part before a London audience, makes her first appearance as Ophelia. Mr. Henry Proctor and Mr. Herbert Tree are also included in the cast.
 THE FUNERAL of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, JUN., who was killed in the railway collision at Abbots-Kipton, took place, last Wednesday afternoon, in the little cemetery at Huntingdon. Mr. Dion Boucicault arrived in Huntingdon at half-past one, shortly before the funeral took place. He and the party of mourners entered the carriages at the hospital. Mr. Boucicault and his son George, a lad in his teens, were in the first carriage, and in the second were Mr. W. Boucicault, Mr. George D. Boucicault, and Mr. Maris. The *Daily News* reporter says:—"Mr. Boucicault exhibited no outward sign of emotion while the coffin, thickly laden with lilies of the valley and camellias,

was lowered into the grave. After the last words of the minister had been pronounced he approached the grave and passed round it. After intently gazing down upon the coffin, he took from his pocket a letter and cast it into the grave, and then, his long-sustained fortitude appearing suddenly to desert him, he threw his arm round the neck of his son and walked quickly away."

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.
 Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

WESTMINSTER ROYAL AQUARIUM.

THE only important musical event of recent date is the opening of the Westminster Aquarium, which, we are led to hope, will prove a powerful and valuable accession to the small number of popular institutions already established for the education of a higher taste in music. When it became known that Mr. Arthur Sullivan was appointed chief musical director, everyone was pleased; everyone felt that "the right man was in the right place," and that the musical arrangements of the Aquarium would be characterised by an eclectic spirit, free from bigoted adherence to any special school, free from frivolity and vulgarity, and equally free from dullness and pedantry. These expectations have been confirmed; and thus far the musical arrangements of the Aquarium prove the excellence of Mr. Arthur Sullivan as musical director of such an institution. He has selected an admirable orchestra of forty-eight performers—all of them good, and many of them distinguished as soloists. In the first instance Mr. Sullivan desired to engage none but native performers; but this patriotic wish was frustrated, partly through the difficulty of admitting the recognition of substitutes when members of the orchestra wished to accept special engagements elsewhere, and partly through the inordinate pretensions of a few English instrumentalists. The final result is that the orchestra is mainly composed of English artists, but that a certain number of foreign performers occupy important positions. The leader is Mr. Victor Buzian, who has been for many years well known in this country as a violin-player of the highest class, and as solo violinist in her Majesty's private band. The first violoncello, M. Handorff; the oboe, M. Lebon; the piccolo, M. Demaré; the first bassoon, M. Lalande; and the first trombone, M. Geard, are foreign importations, and have already proved themselves to be first-rate executants. M. Lebon, the oboe-player, and M. Lalande, the first bassoon are remarkable for their fulness and beauty of tone, as well as for their facile execution. The wind department of the orchestra is indeed exceptionally good. In addition to the artists already named there are Mr. Keppel, late flautist at the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Mann (first horn), Mr. Egerton (clarinet), and other excellent players. Among the strings will be found some of our best orchestral players, such as C. Ould (violin), W. Ould, Waud (double bass), W. Mann (viola), Messrs. Seymour, Pheasant, &c. In fact the orchestra may be said to consist almost entirely of artists sufficiently able to obtain distinction as soloists on their respective instruments. As a natural consequence, the ensemble playing of an orchestra made up of such materials is characterised by a purity and richness of tone and a combined power of expression which are rarely attained; and there seems every reason to believe that we may anticipate from the Westminster Aquarium orchestra musical performances equal in quality to those which have already been heard at the Crystal Palace and Alexandra Palace concerts.

The programme of the music performed at the opening ceremony, on Saturday last, will be studied with interest. It has been our unpleasant duty to comment on the bad taste which was displayed at the opening of the Alexandra Palace by a foreign artist, who availed himself of his temporary position as musical director for the day to prepare a programme in which only one work by an English composer was included, while this modest person thought it decent to obtrude no less than four of his own weak compositions before the British public who attended what was really a national festivity. On Saturday last Mr. Sullivan recognised the national character of the festivities, and made an eloquent protest in favour of native art by preparing a programme composed of delightful works, all by English composers, and only one of them (the last in the programme) by himself. The solo vocalists were all English, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mrs. Patey worthily represented English art.

At this concert the Aquarium orchestra were assisted by a number of extra performers, military bands, &c.; and it was not until the evening concert was given that they could be judged on their specific merits. At first, the body of tone produced by them seemed weak, and the strings were overpowered by the wind; but it was evident that this apparent defect was really produced by the bad position of the temporary music platform. It stood in a concave recess, built out from the centre of the main avenue, and the music could only be enjoyed by those who were directly opposite the performers. Alterations will at once be made to remedy these defects, and a few weeks hence the new concert-hall will be ready for reception. The "Thursday Concerts" will then be commenced. These will be special performances like the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, and will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan in person. The most eminent vocalists and solo players will assist. Concerts will be given in future twice a day—one at four o'clock and one at half-past seven, under the direction of Mr. George Mount; and symphonies and other great orchestral compositions will be performed four times in each week. Mr. Mount conducted the evening concert on Saturday, and showed himself to possess all the qualifications necessary for the post of conductor. The music went as smoothly as if he had rehearsed it with his band for a month, but we have reason to believe that not more than one rehearsal had preceded the performance. The music performed in the evening was all instrumental, and the selection, which was rather too short, included such masterpieces as the overtures to "Ruy Blas" and "Zampa," the inter-mezzo from Gounod's "La Colombe," the slow movement from Beethoven's C minor symphony, and other well-chosen pieces, which were admirably played. The only solo was Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," played by Mr. Robshaw, a cornet-à-pistons of great ability. There can be no doubt, after last Saturday evening's display, that this band will prove to be a valuable addition to our musical institutions, and that the best music will be played in the best style at the Westminster Aquarium.

[The monthly review of new music is held over till next week, owing to pressure on our space.]

THE QUEEN has sent twenty brace of pheasants for the use of the patients in King's College Hospital; and has made a similarly seasonable gift to other hospitals.

Reviews.

The Popular Idol. By WILLIAM MACKAY. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

Mr. Mackay is not happy in his descriptions of feminine beauty; or, perhaps, to do him a sort of negative justice, it should be said that he—obviously capable of much better work—has contented himself with describing his heroines in an aggravatingly perfunctory manner. His sketches of Kate and Norah have, with a slight difference, been used before. This is his delineation of Kate Fitzgerald:—"She had an exquisite figure, which showed to great advantage in her ball-dress—though persons who have an eye for such matters say that in her riding-habit her form is displayed to greater purpose—a statement which may or may not be true, one thing being certain, that in the latter costume her white shoulders are not displayed at all. She had great, soft blue eyes, and a quantity of golden hair." Add "a musical voice," a "delicate Grecian nose," "pretty pouting lips," to a "proud and easy manner," and the conventional representation, one altogether unworthy of the author's powers, stands before you. From the equally slight sketch of Norah one rises, however, with the sense that it was, at any rate, made from nature. "She was an extremely handsome woman, of that Spanish type which is encountered oftenest in the county of Galway. She had a large but exquisitely modelled figure, big black eyes, and hair dark as night." Elsewhere attention is drawn to her alabaster throat, but meantime she has been her own unaffected interpreter, and we have been made to feel that the hand which described the character and recorded the frank, cheery words of the delicious Galway girl is that of a genuine artist. Another doubt, and we have done with carping. Is it within the power of a single justice of the peace of the class to which Mr. Fitzgerald belonged to commit for trial a person charged with the crime of murder? We ask the question because the ways of the strange land that rears stranger popular idols are not our ways.

It is difficult to avoid laughing outright at the ball-room episode in which The O'Banagher figures so ignominiously, while the manner in which the author narrates a discussion on a no less dreadful subject than that of predestination exhibits another phase of his many-sided humour in an equally amusing light. Then we have a diverting and dramatic public meeting whereat Mr. Butler, Q.C., M.P., "a florid, white-haired barrister, who had from time to time represented in the Imperial Parliament a surprising number of constituencies and advocated a confusing variety of beliefs," delivers one of his impassioned orations. Remarkable, however, as are the especially local pictures in this novel—and we have already adverted to one or two of them—it is chiefly in frequent touches of *paucity* humour—as the Scotch have it—in flashes of wholesome satire and utterances characterised by the soundest of common-sense, that we base our belief in the author's future. They express so much and suggest so very much more. Mr. Tavish's grace before meat, for example, almost photographs him; and the lesson he reads to his household "from one of the minor prophets" completes the rigid picture—as it were in stern black and white. The chapter wherein this devout observance is described rises to a serene dignity of diction for which we were scarcely prepared.

Mr. Mackay speaks out about Ireland, and his words are often keenly barbed. He says, "It is repeated as a great boast that people are not killed there for the sake of booty, but are shot down for conscience' sake as it were, and thus become victims on the national altar. A poetical idea, though, strange to say, not found consoling in any degree by the sorrowing relatives of the victims." Our author, too, is impartial. He says in another place: "It may be true that when a landlord is murdered in Ireland popular sympathy is with the murderer: All I can say is, that I was in that country when the news of this outrage was noised abroad, and everywhere I heard it denounced as horrible and cold-blooded." His defence of the Irish constabulary is not only just but exceedingly timely. "Do not," he says, "be over-ready in accusing the natives of secreting missing offenders, but blame the Official Asses who set soldiers to do policemen's tasks; who dispatch men with rifles to catch a thief." The brightness of the author's powers of vision is manifest on every page. Note this:—"There are some Irishmen who appear to be quite in their element when flying from before offended justice. Under such circumstances, a man of this class feels his spirits rise, and is conscious of an increase of his natural vigour. He will display an astonishing knowledge of tactics in evading a dun, and there is no gentleman in the world so difficult to serve with a writ."

Can the picture which Mr. Mackay has, with bitter minuteness, drawn of the national press be entirely true? Not but what one must admit that the description of the *Phoenix*, its editorial staff and political creed, is too curiously vivid to have been invented. In the *Phoenix* you will find force openly advised, treason constantly preached—and all this by individuals, who, in the event of a popular outbreak, would disappear in the hold of a Cunard steamer, or become the informers upon whose oaths their unfortunate dupes would be transported or hanged."

We would fain quote further, but our space is nearly exhausted, therefore the reader must himself invest the editorial sanctum of the *Phoenix* in order to make the acquaintance of "the distinguished artist" who depicted English Tyranny for one of their weekly papers at the very moderate cost of 15s. per cartoon. There are scattered here and there over the pages of "The Popular Idol" a number of slight but clever sketches of ornaments of "the metropolis" (Dublin), including one of Mr. Hackett, a dramatic critic; but we are compelled to bid him and the rest of the dramatic personæ adieu.

We shall look for Mr. Mackay's next Irish novel—and we trust it may be an Irish novel—with considerable curiosity. There is, perhaps, too decided a tendency on the part of a critic who chances upon unexpected evidences of strength in the book of an untried author to calculate on a fuller and richer flower than the bud would appear to promise; but we have faith in the possibilities which are assuredly latent in the pen that wrote "The Popular Idol." We congratulate Mr. Mackay on his discovery of Dublin; also on his having partially incensed Dublin. The dialect or brogue in "The Popular Idol" (saving the presence of the aristocracy of the metropolis) must be phonetically true, or the press of Ireland would not accuse the author of having copied it from books. For our part, we have to thank Mr. Mackay for an introduction to certain pleasant glimpses of Irish scenery and amusing phases of Irish society such as are not to be found in any book that we wot of. In fine, we have to thank him for a singularly clever and remarkably diverting novel.

** "Amongst the Devon Wrestlers" and "Mr. Tupper's New Drama" will appear next week.

Athletic Sports.

Owing to the continuance of open weather, outdoor sport of all kind has been in the ascendant. Most of the leading football clubs played matches last Saturday afternoon, the principal of these being that at Kennington-oval between the United Hospitals and Liverpool, which resulted in favour of the "profession" by two tries and four touch-downs to nothing. On the same day, at the Dolphin ground, Slough, the "Swifts" and Barnes played a draw; whilst at Norwood the home team suffered a most disastrous defeat by seven goals to love at the hands of the Clapham Rovers. At Lillie-bridge the Wasps and Civil Service were engaged in friendly rivalry, and after a splendid contest the insects had the better of the fight by two touch-downs to nothing. The Spartans and Royal School of Mines played very evenly at Battersea, there being nothing to spare between them at the finish; a remark equally applicable to the contest between the Eaton Rovers and the German Gymnastic Society at Tottenham. On Monday Liverpool journeyed to the Old Deer Park to play Richmond, and the latter won by five touch-downs to nothing. Several other matches of minor interest have also taken place, the only remaining feature of information being that Mr. C. W. Alcock has retired from the hon. secretaryship and captaincy of the Wanderers' Club, the vacancies having been filled up by F. H. Birley, of Winchester, and J. Kenrick, of Lancing College. I have been asked to state that "all notices of alterations in the rules of the Football Association" must be forwarded to the hon. sec. on or before Tuesday next. Last Saturday the 3rd L.R.V. and Dumbarton, who have twice played their tie for the Scottish Association Cup previously, with a similar result—viz, one goal each—had a third trial at Cathkin Park; and this time the L.R.V. won "all the way" by three goals to none, and they will therefore have to play Queen's Park for the trophy. On the 1st of next month the competition for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup will be commenced at Kennington-oval, the following being the draw:—St. Mary's v. London, King's v. St. George's, St. Thomas's v. Guy's, St. Bartholomew's v. University, Middlesex a bye. Hockey seems to be gaining a foothold in the metropolitan district; and at Sutton, on Saturday last, a home team was defeated by one goal in a match against Surbiton.

The followers of billiards have had plenty to amuse themselves with since my last. On Friday week Alfred Bennett and Tom Taylor played 1000 up, for £100 a side, on a championship table; but at 12.27 the gas was put out and the game left unfinished, the score standing—Bennett, 967; Taylor, 953. Your representative was referee, but was not called upon to decide; and, after a couple of interviews with the stakeholder, Bennett received £20 to consent to a draw, and another match, on the same terms, was ratified. On Monday an offhand match of 1000 up, for £25 a side, was played at Stammers's Rooms, Pursell's, Cornhill, between G. Collins and Alfred Bennett, the latter conceding 150 points; and, although he passed his man in the ninth century, Collins came again, and won by 43 points. On Friday se'night the champion and W. Cook played a most brilliant exhibition, 1000, at Pendleton, when "tall" breaks were the order of the evening, Roberts winning a well-contested game by 47 points. Louis Kilkenny, the champion of Yorkshire, commenced a series of entertainments in the metropolitan district on Monday evening, when he conceded J. Fowler 300 points in 1000, and won anyhow. The fixture-list is very full for some time to come, the biggest contest being that in which the champion concedes Timbrell 300 points in 1000, for £300 a side, at St. James's Hall.

Kilkenny and Hunt played an exhibition match of 1000 up, the latter being in receipt of 100 points' start, on Wednesday evening, at the Wine-Rooms, Devereux-court, Strand. Hunt at first went rapidly away from his opponent, and at one time held a lead of over 200. When fairly settled down to his work, however, Kilkenny quickly caught and passed his man, and at the interval was 644 to 444. On resuming, the Yorkshireman showed a most unaccountable falling off in his play, and was eventually beaten by 8 points only. Kilkenny's best breaks were 33, 44, 33, 32, 34, 32, 114 (20 spots), 41, 72, 42, 36, and 46; while Hunt put together 42, 36, 31, 129 (42 spots), 61, 30, and 47. Among other events at billiards, "Oxford Jonathan" has started a novelty in the shape of a cannon game at the Spotted Dog, Strand, commencing last Thursday evening and lasting until Saturday. The conditions are 100 up, all starting level, cannons to count two and misses one. Cook and Roberts are announced to play at the rooms of the former on Friday, both in the afternoon and evening; while Kilkenny and Hunt are to meet once more, on Monday, at the Tower New Billiard Saloon, Westminster Bridge-road.

Although no criterion can at present be formed as to the ultimate constitution of the crew of the University eight either at Oxford or Cambridge, the presidents of the boat club at both seats of learning are daily hard at work looking up the raw material at their disposal. From Oxford, I learn that the river, as seems invariably the case at this time of year, is very full, almost flooded in fact, and rowing against the stream consequently is very heavy work; but, should we be favoured with a continuance of the same pleasant weather as we are now enjoying, this bugbear of coaching will quickly disappear. A more powerful lot of men than those at present in practice on the Isis have perhaps never been seen on that river. Mr. Edwardes-Moss will in all probability occupy the all-important position of stroke, his thwart, to hazard a "bull," being on the bow side. At the time of writing I do not know whether he is yet in residence; but there is no doubt of his rowing at any rate, although some rumours to the contrary have been flying about. At Cambridge Mr. Close, the president, has been indefatigable; but he has more difficulties to contend with than Mr. Stayner, inasmuch as he has several more places to fill up in the boat. However, he has luckily plenty of promising oarsmen from whom he can make a selection, and should it be true, as reported, that his elder brother, Mr. J. B. Close, is likely to go up to Cambridge to give him the benefit of his advice and assistance, it may be taken for granted that no stone will be left unturned that the crew from the Cam will be worthy representatives, and that the blue ribbon of the river in 1876 will not resolve itself into a "procession," as in the former year. Of course I shall endeavour to keep myself *au courant* as to the doings of both crews, and it shall not be my fault if the readers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS are not fully posted as to the merits of both light and dark blues. While on the subject of rowing I may as well notice the death of James Hamill, the American sculler, which took place on the 11th inst. at his native town, Pittsburg, of congestion of the brain. It may be remembered that in the summer of 1864 he came over to England and rowed Harry Kelly two races on the Tyne, when the "Britisher" fairly lost him from the very start. Hamill had a most pronounced style of his own, and a very bad style it was, all his work being done with his arms, and his great strength was literally thrown away.

After all, it seems that Joe Sadler has reconsidered his intention of finally retiring from the world of aquatics; and I notice that he has expressed his willingness to get together a four-oared crew to row against a four from the Tyne; but

whether anything will come of his cartel remains to be seen. By-the-by, the champion was summoned on Monday before the full bench of magistrates at Staines, at the instance of the Teddington Local Board of Health, for commencing to erect a boat-house and workshops on the banks of the Thames, in contravention of one of their bye-laws, he having failed to deposit a plan with the board before commencing to erect the building. The Thames Conservancy, however, sent a letter stating that he was guilty of no encroachment whatever; and the magistrates, characterising the prosecution as "paltry," declined to make any order, leaving the complainants to take proceedings in a higher court if they thought proper to do so.

From Oxford I hear that athletic fixtures have already been made, and Keble College is to set the ball rolling on Feb. 2; whilst all over the country various events in connection with the followers of paper-chasing have been going on. Last Monday Stanton, the bicyclist, had another turn against the horse, Happy Pair, at Lillie-bridge, and this time he was successful.

From the *New York Clipper* I learn that George Newhall, the Philadelphia bowler, is now in England trying, on behalf of the cricket clubs of that city, to arrange for a visit of the Gentlemen of England eleven and the I Zingari to America on the occasion of the celebration of the hundredth year of the Independence. The paragraph goes on to say "that, if we can only succeed in inducing the All Ireland team to follow suit, lovers of the game will have much cause for rejoicing, not only because of the grand displays of the willow thus insured, but over the impetus which this gathering of the bright lights of both hemispheres must give to the sport. We trust that the earnest efforts now being made towards this end may meet with the fullest encouragement." Perhaps it may be my ignorance, but I did not know of the existence of such a team as "the All Ireland;" but let that pass. Most cordially, however, do I wish George Newhall all success in his praiseworthy efforts, but I must at the same time confess I have grave doubts that his endeavours will meet with the reward they justly deserve. Should my suspicions be unfounded, no one will be more glad than

Exon.

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

SPELLING-BEES.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

London, Jan. 22, 1876.

Sir,—I read in your last Number an account of a "Spelling-Bee" with much interest and some amusement.

I think several of the candidates for "spelling honours," or, perhaps, I ought to say "rewards," were very hardly used, for four words which caused them to forfeit their chances are not words in the English language, though they may, *perhaps*, be known at the other side of the Atlantic. These words are "exterolality," "sealing," "arrigdaline," "stronchian."

The above quoted four words are not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary.

At a "Spelling-Bee" in Great Britain I think no word ought to be asked that cannot be found in one of our standard English dictionaries, which ought to be at the time in the hand of the questioner.

The word "mispeller," or "misspeller," is not English.

Your obedient servant, ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE LATE MR. BEN JOLLIFFE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—As one who has often ridden with poor Ben Jolliffe (who was killed in the accident on the Great Northern), both with hounds and in steeplechases, I send these few lines, which you may think worthy of insertion.

The Jolliffes are a family well known and respected in the Isle of Wight, living at Tafford House, Shorewell, and all of them are first-rate horsemen. The father was quite the old country squire, cheery, genial, and hospitable, and was, "bar none," the best heavy-weight rider in the Isle of Wight, and a man who can ride there can ride anywhere. Poor Ben was a worthy follower in his father's footsteps, and universally liked and respected, and, whether across country with hounds or in a steeplechase, was A 1. Peace to his manes!—Yours, &c., T. H.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

THE PRINCE OF WALES arrived at Agra on Tuesday last.

READING HORSE-FAIR takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1 and 2, when upwards of three hundred hunters and other horses will be sold by auction at Mr. Tompkins's Repository.

MARRIAGE OF MR. W. S. STIRLING CRAWFORD.—On the 22nd inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, by the Rev. F. Cox, M.A., W. S. Stirling Crawford, Esq., of Milton, to the Duchess of Montrose.

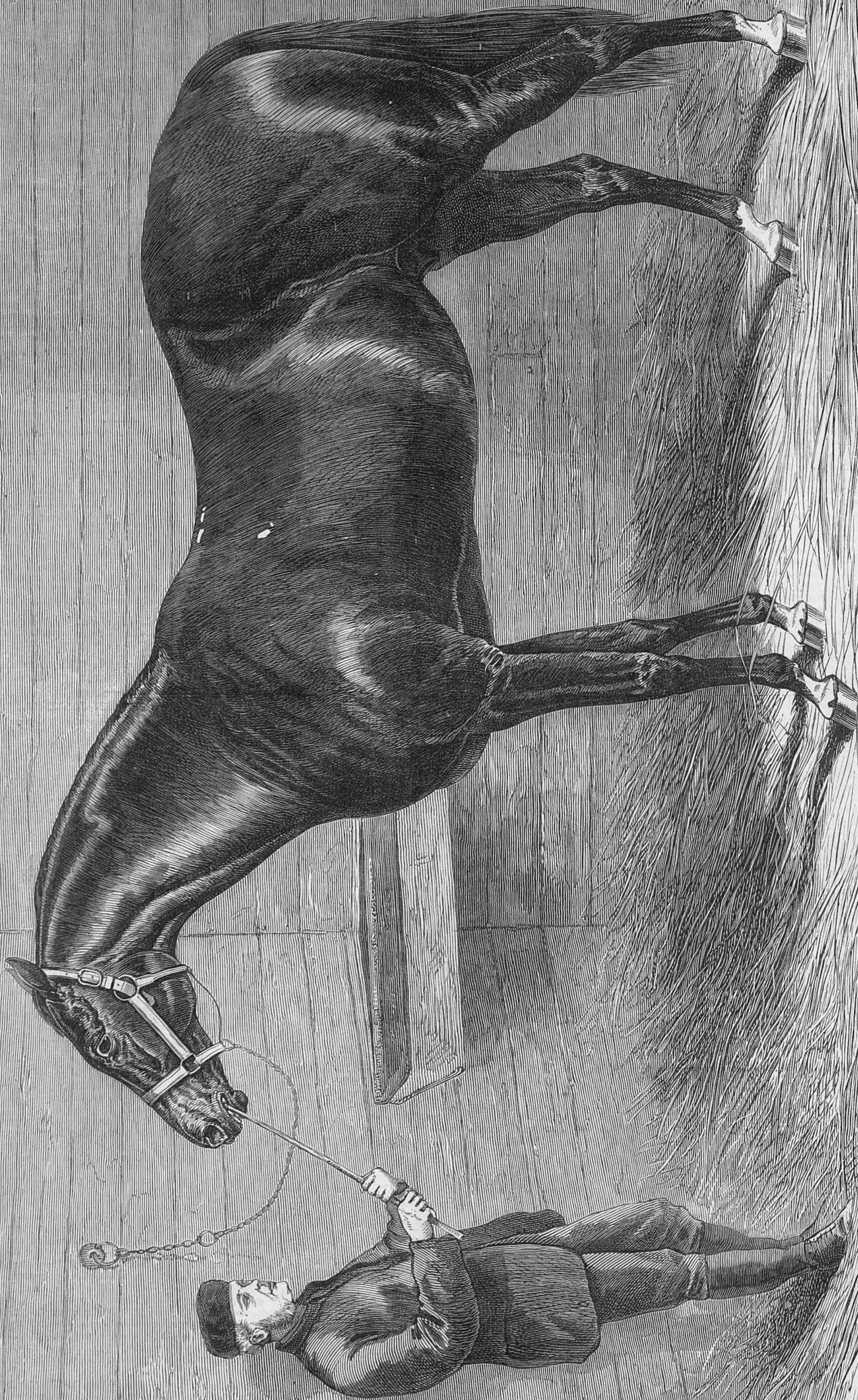
TATTERSALL'S SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM was again very thinly attended last Monday, scarcely a dozen members dropping in during the afternoon. Not a wager upon future events was recorded.

BIRMINGHAM SEELEPLECHASES.—The entries for the Open Hunters' Plate, Red Coat Stakes, Hunters' Plate, Maiden Hunters' Plate, and Hunters' Selling Stakes, close on Tuesday next to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham.

THE OFFICE OF PURCHASER OF HORSES FOR THE ARMY, vacated by Colonel Price, C.B., R.H.A., on his promotion to Major-General, will, it is thought, be conferred upon Colonel Philip Gossett Pipon, C.B., R.A., who is now on his return from India.

THE LATE MR. B. JOLLIFFE.—One of the victims of the fearful accident at Abbots-Ripton, on the Great Northern, on Friday night, the 21st inst., was Mr. Ben Jolliffe, of Yafford House, Isle of Wight, who was returning from Yorkshire, where he had been purchasing hunters, in company with two friends named Mr. John Christison and Mr. David Atrill, both of whom escaped with but trifling injury. Mr. Jolliffe was equally well known in hunting and steeplechase circles, and was perhaps one of the most popular riders in his native island. He had escaped uninjured from the effects of the first collision, and was engaged in rendering assistance to the less fortunate passengers, when the second express came crashing along, and, rolling over the downside embankment, crushed the unfortunate gentleman beneath its massive weight. Mr. Jolliffe was thirty-four years of age, and farmed an estate at Yafford belonging to his widowed mother, the older Mr. Jolliffe having died but a few months ago.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Adv't.]



James D. Del

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.—LORD LYON.

SIR ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD.

For over twenty years the name of Rothschild has been as well known and honoured upon the turf as in the great capitals of Europe, in nearly all of which is to be found a member of this great family of financiers, whose wealth is untold and munificence unequalled. It was not, however, until after the death of the late Baron Mayer de Rothschild, of Mentmore, that the name of his brother came prominently into notice as his successor upon the turf, though he had long been known as conspicuous for those sporting tastes which, whether they have taken the form of "silk" or "scarlet," may be said to "run in the family." Owing to long-continued ill-health, Sir Anthony was unable to enjoy or mingle in the sport he patronised so lavishly, but he lived long enough to make his mark with Carnelion and Coomassie, and nothing pleased him more than to hear of successes, which, from growing infirmity, he was precluded from witnessing. Fortunately the well-known "blue and yellow" cap will not be lost to us; for, although we cannot expect to see Baron Lionel de Rothschild taking any very leading part in the sport which at heart he loves as well as his brothers, the interests of the stable are safe in the keeping of his sons, who have long been associated with it as administrators, and will henceforth take even a keener interest in its welfare. The breeding-stud at Mentmore is one of the finest and best-managed establishments of its kind in the kingdom, if it is not on quite so large a scale as those at Cobham and Eltham. And though the annual yearling sales are not likely to be discontinued, plenty of its representatives will doubtless find their way into the stables at Newmarket, and we look forward to a revival of the glories of days gone by, when the familiar shout arose now and again from the cords that "the Baron wins."

GLADIATEUR.

ALTHOUGH we regret extremely to hear of the severe loss sustained by Captain Ray by the death of Gladiateur, it cannot be looked upon in the light of a calamity by the breeding world. So far he had proved anything but a success, and latterly he received but scant patronage, though a few fast friends and believers stood by him, in the hope that better fortune would attend his efforts as he advanced in years. Oddly enough, Gladiateur and his "objector," Mr. Graham, died within a few days of one other; so let us hope that the vexed question of "correct age" will be set at rest for ever. Gladiateur, in training, was a rough-looking, angular horse, with very little quality, but he stood out from among his Derby competitors like a giant in the midst of pigmies; and, as the "Druid" well remarked, "with his flying mane and hairy heels, Gladiateur towered like a king among them all." Many of his yearlings fetched large sums, and nothing could promise better than the first batch of his stock sold at Middle Park. They seemed to possess every requisite for success upon the turf; but trainers never could manage to keep them on their legs, and they rapidly degenerated into mere splendid wrecks, "going to pieces" both as regards limbs and constitution. Latterly Gladiateur had fewer mares, and the specimens of his stock disposed of last year at the Easton Lodge sale looked as if they might ripen into something better than their predecessors. Perhaps the best horse ever begotten by the mighty Frenchman was Hero, who died at the very outset of a most promising career. Grand Coup was a useful sort, but not in the first class, and Lord Gough



THE LATE SIR ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD.

never realised the great expectations of his various owners. With the exception of the last named (now standing, we believe, in Ireland), Gladiateur leaves no representative at the British stud.

Shooting Notes.

SHOOTING TO THE POINTER DOG.

TAKEN all round, there is nothing like "working" a good pointer in the field to give comfort to the soul of a sportsman, and "do his heart good," as the saying goes amongst old-fashioned sportsmen. This member of the canine family is a remarkable instance that the acquired propensities of the different varieties of dog are transmitted from parent to progeny; for, requiring, as it must have done, a long and persevering education to produce even a moderate approach to the excellence of the present breed of pointers, these sagacious dogs will now, almost without education, or, in technical phraseology, with very little breaking, exhibit a strong tendency to the peculiarity of their race, and stand at game of every kind, and that even when they are puppies. The peculiar characteristic of the pointer is that he will stand motionless, as if converted into a statue, on coming into contact with the slightest scent

of game: and it would be difficult to controvert the argument that this instinct, or the power to acquire this habit, was given to the pointer for the purpose of aiding men to capture or kill game. The pointer is probably originally a native of Spain, and the Spanish pointer was formerly well known as a stanch, strong, and useful, but heavy and lazy, dog. The English breed, however, is now very much preferred, being exceedingly beautiful, good-tempered, stanch, and patient of fatigue; and at the same time light and active in its appearance and habits. Pointers, about the middle of the seventeenth century, were scarcely ever to be seen but entirely white, or variegated with liver-coloured spots, except the then Duke of Kingston's celebrated pack, which were black and white. They are now, however, to be met with of every description, from pure white and a kind of blueish-grey to a universal liver-colour and a perfect black. The most perfect pointers, according to some authorities, are those which have in them, to one part of Spanish blood, one eighth of the foxhound and one sixteenth of the bloodhound. But other authorities on the subject maintain that the farther any dog is removed from the original Spanish pointer the worse the dog is; that all attempts to cross the pointer with any other blood must necessarily deteriorate the breed; and that, whilst a cross will produce handsome dogs, they will necessarily possess some quality not belonging to the pointer; a cross with the hound, for instance, giving the propensity to trace hares, if not to give tongue. Pointers are never considered complete unless they are perfectly stanch to bird, dog, and gun; which implies, first, standing singly to a bird or covey; secondly, to backing (or pointing instantaneously likewise) the moment they perceive another dog stand; and, lastly, not to stir from their point upon the firing of any gun in company, provided the game is neither sprung nor started at which the original point was made. The best dogs the writer ever saw of this breed were "broken in" at an early age "to stand" to a piece of toast in the breakfast-room. As companions they are far preferable to setters, being more docile and less wild.—DOWN-CHARGE (County Club, Albemarle-street).

CONCERNING THE WILD RABBIT.

The rabbit in a natural state has the ears shorter than the head, and the tail is not so long as the thigh. The general colour in a state of nature is yellowish-grey, with reddish on the neck and brown on the tail, with the throat and belly whitish. The ears are grey. There are four varieties of rabbits, differing somewhat in their characteristics and habits—namely, the warreners, parkers, hedgehogs, and sweethearts. The first kind, as their name implies, are in the habit of making their homes or burrows in open grounds or warrens; the hedgehogs are found in thick hedgerows and wood covers in parts where the soil is not sufficiently sandy to be made a subterranean dwelling, and the coat of them is less furry than that of the others; the parkers live on the upland also, as in gentlemen's parks, pleasure-grounds, and broad open grazing grounds, and breed in any convenient spot, and, except to the eye of a professional warrenner, are undistinguishable from the last variety. Sweethearts are the tame varieties, and now multiplied into innumerable varieties of size, colour, and character, from the olden to the lop-eared, and from the middle-sized to the monster of ten pounds weight. When only five or six months old rabbits are capable of breeding, their term of gestation being thirty or thirty-one days. If the dam does not find a hole suited to her purpose, previously to her bringing forth, she digs one, not in a straight line, but in a zigzag direction, enlarging the bottom of it every way, and



"GLADIATEUR," WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND, DERBY, ST. LEGER, AND GRAND PRIX DE PARIS IN 1865.

pulling from her own body a quantity of hair, with which she makes a warm and comfortable bed for her young. When she ventures abroad she covers up the hole very carefully, scarcely leaving any perceptible mark of it, and conceals her charge from the male, it is said, lest he should devour them. She continues these attentions for about a month, when the young are able to provide for themselves. The ordinary term of a rabbit's existence is from seven to ten years. As rabbits cannot articulate sounds, and are formed into societies living under ground, their method of giving an alarm is very peculiar; for when any danger threatens they thump the earth with one of their hinder feet, and produce a sound which can be heard by animals near the surface at a considerable distance. They are very sensible to any changes of the weather, and seldom go abroad unless it be settled and calm.—EXPERIENTIA (Cirencester).

QUAILS AND QUAIL-SHOOTING.

This bird has generally been considered as a summer visitor to England; but recent observations have led to the opinion that, although it is to a certain extent a migratory bird, many of the species remain in England and Ireland throughout the year. Quails arrive from Africa in large numbers on the islands of the Mediterranean and the Grecian archipelago about April, and thence spread over Southern Europe, migrating as far north as Scandinavia and Russia. They arrive in Great Britain in May, and seem more partial to the open country than to that which is inclosed. No individual of the gallinaceous order is so widely distributed over the Old World as the common quail, it is abundant in North Africa, most parts of India, and there is reason to believe, China; while the whole of the southern portions of Siberia, and every country in Europe, except those approximating to the polar circle, are visited by it annually, or adopted for a permanent abode. In England, however, this bird is not very abundant, and the supply for the London market comes principally from France. The males arrive in England and France before the females, and, betraying themselves by their thrice-repeated whistle, are frequently lured within reach of the fowler by the imitation of the female's note on a quill pipe. The flesh of the quail is delicate, and very little inferior to that of the landrail, and consequently it is in great request, as many as three thousand dozen having been sold in London in a single season. Though very like a partridge, and resembling those birds also in several of their habits, quails do not pair, the males being polygamous. For a nest, the female scrapes out a small cavity on the ground, usually amongst wheat, but sometimes in a piece of clover or grass into which she collects a few bits of dry grass, straw, or clover stalks. The eggs are of a yellowish or dull orange-coloured white, speckled or blotched with umber brown, from six to twelve or fourteen in number, and one inch one line in length, by eleven lines in breadth. Upon these the female sits about three weeks; the young are able to follow her soon after they are excluded from the shell, and learn to feed on seeds, grain, insects, and green leaves. The quail is about seven inches in length, and the general colour of the upper part of the plumage is dark brown, mottled and streaked with lighter brown, which is also the colour of the upper part of the breast, whilst the lower part of the breast, the belly, and the under tail-coverts are yellowish white. This bird is historically interesting from the circumstance that there is the strongest ground for believing that it is the identical species which supplied the Israelites with food in the wilderness. There are several other species of quail; such as the rock quail, of Deccan, used for quail-fights by the natives; and the Virginian or Maryland quail, which is a general inhabitant of North America, from the northern parts of Canada and Nova Scotia to the extremity of the peninsula of Florida, the flesh of which is peculiarly white, tender, and delicate. Quail occasionally rise to the dogs out partridge-shooting in England; but in Ireland in some parts there are more quail than partridge. We have had good sport in the Mediterranean with the quail, the African coast at some seasons abounding with them. In many parts of India and Japan they literally swarm. A plumper or nicer bird when cooked we know not, as they are juicy to a degree.—VIATOR (Ship Hotel, Brighton).

SHOOT THE WOOD-PIGEONS.

In a communication published in your columns a little time back, I noticed that Mr. Brooke, the well-known salesman of Leadenhall-market, and of Parliamentary Bluebook fame, pointed out in what demand wood-pigeons had become, what an excellent bird they were for the table, and how they had risen in price—at all events high enough to make them pay for expending powder and shot in their destruction. It seems that wood-pigeons are increasing rapidly in some parts of Scotland, to the great annoyance and loss of tenant-farmers. These voracious birds are harboured in game preserves, where they breed and congregate in large numbers, to make daily descent on the newly-sown seed, of which they partake heavy meals, apparently without impairing their digestion or general health. Gamekeepers destroy without mercy magpies and hooded-crows, which, if allowed to multiply, would tend to keep wood-pigeons within proper limits by destroying their eggs. Mr. William Miller, who has had fully forty years' experience as gamekeeper in various parts of Scotland, writing recently to the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, says of wood-pigeons:—"They are certainly the most destructive bird known in the country, and it is impossible to calculate the amount of damage they do to the farmer. I have opened the crop of one I had shot, and found 222 beans in it, besides other food; and, if we estimate the number fed on one farm at thousands, the amount of damage they do is very great. The remedy for the evil is that game preservers should employ men to shoot down the pigeons and destroy them by every means in their power, with the same perseverance as they have destroyed hawks and other vermin which kept the breed in check. By doing so they would rid the country of a pest which never would have existed but for game preservers, where no one is allowed to enter except game-keepers, and where the pigeons can rear their brood as securely as pigeons in a dove-cot. Outsiders may shoot a few occasionally, but this has no visible effect in keeping down the numbers, and unless they are destroyed in their breeding-places I am of opinion they will multiply at such a rate that in a few years farming will not be worth attending to." Excessive game-keeping in its direct results is bad enough, but when it leads to the almost indefinite propagation of other destructive creatures not on the game-list, it becomes a matter for still more serious consideration.—A YEOMAN (Stroud).

SEAL SHOT AT THE MOUTH OF THE DOON.—A very fine seal was shot on Thursday, last week, by Mr. McCrick, gunmaker. It appears that for some time past various gentlemen have observed the animal in question quietly dodging along the beach, engaged, doubtless, in its fishing avocations. It has been seen both on the north and south beaches; but one of its principal haunts was the mouth of the river Doon, where it gained substantial food from the fish entering and emerging from the river. While Mr. McCrick was out with his rifle on the day in question he observed the seal about two hundred yards distant, and, firing, hit it just at the base of the skull,

on the nape of the neck. Death must have been instantaneous, the seal immediately sinking out of sight. Next evening its body was left by the receding tide, about twenty yards nearer shore than the place where it was shot, and was conveyed to town, where, in the shop of Mr. McCrick, and afterwards in that of Mr. P. B. Hill, it attracted much attention. The skin was beautifully and regularly spotted; the animal was in excellent condition, and weighed not far short of 150lb. It was evident from the nature of the wound of which it had died that the spine must have been severed. It is seldom that so fine a specimen of the "hair" seal finds its way to the coast.

THE STOAT.—Owing to the wanton destruction of this useful animal it is now getting comparatively rare throughout the country. We have heard of three being caught lately, one of a beautifully white colour, sufficient to justify the appellation of ermine, which is another of the names of the animal. Most of those who destroy the stoat are ignorant of the damage they are doing, as it is a well-known fact among naturalists that it is worth twenty cats as a killer of vermin in the barn-yard. The same short-sighted policy is being carried on with regard to hawks of all kinds, which, though they kill far more vermin and small birds than they do game, are most ruthlessly shot whenever an opportunity occurs.

THE BUZZARD.—A fine specimen of the buzzard, a *rara avis* in the district, was shot at Davington on Saturday last by William Buchanan, gamekeeper. The bird measured from tip to tip of wing 4 ft. 6 in.

LARGE-BORE BALL-GUNS FOR ELEPHANT-SHOOTING.—Elephant hunters are now abandoning the old muzzle-loading single rifle for the double smooth-bore breech-loader, these being equally effective at short ranges—say up to fifty yards—as the rifle. They are fast becoming the favourite weapon, on account of the great advantages they offer, rapidity of loading being the most important; they are also much more convenient when hunting on horseback. The size used is generally 8-gauge, with spherical ball, and 6 drams of powder; weight of gun, about 11½ lbs. More powder could be used by having the guns made a little heavier. 10-gauge guns are also used to carry 5 drams, and weighing 10 to 10½ lbs. A short, explosive, conical shell can be used with these breech-loaders to great advantage. A sportsman of our acquaintance assures us that he never has lost an elephant when using a shell from a 10-bore rifle. When struck in the head, the animals would instantly fall upon their knees, and then were easily dispatched by a 16-bore. Some sportsmen advocate the small-bore Express rifle, with a solid hardened bullet, using a large charge of powder, to penetrate so as to reach the brain. But these bullets do not in all cases reach the brain, and then the force would not be sufficient to stop the animal; therefore we consider the sportsman has a far better chance of killing if he can stop him with the large bullet or shell, and prevent the creature from charging him. This plan gives the sportsman time to dispatch him. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the members of his suite will, no doubt, give their experience of the various rifles they used in India to the gunmakers who made them, upon their return to this country.

THE WESTLEY-RICHARDS SINGLE EXPRESS RIFLE.—This rifle is similar in construction to the Martini, and is a useful weapon to take abroad. The breech-block is exactly the same, working on a pivot at the rear. The block is depressed to admit the cartridge by the lever over the trigger-guard, which cocks the rifle and extracts the cartridge-case at the same time. The arrangements are very simple, there being only twelve parts and seven pins. It has a powerful cartridge-extractor, forcing the case clear of the rifle. The mainspring is not a spiral, but one of the ordinary kind. The nose of the hammer, similar to that of a revolver, strikes the cap itself, there being no needle or exploding-pin required. The cartridge is certainly the best that has yet been introduced for the Express rifle, being far superior to the brass coil. It has a brass-drawn case, with a solid base. It stands the large charge of powder admirably, and can be used over and over again. It expands after a few shots have been fired; but a swedging tool is sent out with the rifle to compress the case to its original size, and, by this plan being adopted, the case can be used twelve or fourteen times. This must be a great advantage to Indian sportsmen in localities where cartridge-cases are difficult to be procured. But the great feature in this rifle is that the large charge consisting of 120 grains of powder can be used, which gives increased point-blank range—viz., 150 yards—with tremendous striking power. The weight of the rifle, single, is 8½lb to 9lb. The recoil is not excessive: this is owing to the light bullet. We consider this rifle one of the best of the kind that is made. One great point that will be appreciated in this weapon is its safety. It can be loaded or unloaded with the trigger bolted. The Westley-Richards rifle takes a lighter bullet than other Express rifles. The usual weight is 320 grains for a 450-bore. The advantage gained by the light bullet is the extremely long point-blank; but over 200 yards the shooting is wild. A bullet weighing 320 grains will be tolerably accurate up to 230 yards. The plan adopted by some makers of putting only one sight for all distances we do not approve of. There is a perceptible fall of the bullet from 150 to 200 yards. We prefer one standing sight for the point-blank, and one leaf to give the 200 yards. We think this is preferable to making allowance by taking a full fore sight.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE FOX CLUB this year will take place at Brooks's on Saturday, Feb. 12.

We have been favoured with the inspection of a remarkably clever picture, published by Messrs. W. H. Tuck and Co., of 204, Regent-street. This admirable autotype of Masters of Foxhounds, 1875, comprises portraits of 128 masters of foxhounds, arranged in the form of a medallion, by Mr. W. H. Tuck, with four felicitous hunting sketches from the pencil of our special artist, Mr. Jno. Sturgess. The latter embellishments serve to fill up the corners of the picture and add a completeness to the composition of it.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET-MATCHES.—Two English cricket clubs—I Zingari and the Gentlemen of England Eleven—intend paying a visit to the United States (says the *New York Times*) to play a series of international matches for the championship of the world with the St. George and Manhattan Clubs of New York, and the cricket clubs of Philadelphia. The Philadelphia cricket clubs have invited the All-Ireland Eleven to come and compete with them in a series of contests.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL MARGARY, R.E.—Major-General Margary, whose name is familiar to the public from letters published from him in connection with the recent murderous outrage upon his son, Mr. Augustus Raymond Margary, at Manwyne, in China, died at Weston-super-Mare on Friday, Jan. 21. The deceased never recovered the shock of his son's violent death.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

STUD NEWS.

ARRIVED at Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Juanita, to Pero Gomez; and his Carine in foal to Musket, and will be put to him again.

Kingcraft has arrived at Park Paddocks, Newmarket, and his subscription is nearly full.

Arrived at Sutton-place, Guildford.—Lord Alington's Malpractice, in foal to Blair Athol; and his Carita by Adventurer, in foal to Marsyas. Both mares will be put to Thunderbolt.

At Highfield Hall—Tit by Young Birdcatcher out of Tell Tale by Newminster, a bay filly by Le Marechal.

Crafton, Mentmore, Jan. 19.—Baroness M de Rothschild's Queen of the Vale, a bay filly by Mandrake; and the dam of Restitution, a bay filly by Favonius; and both mares will be put to Macaroni. Also, Mr. Crowther Harrison's Dark Blue, a bay colt by Favonius, and will be put to him again. Arrived to King Tom: Lord Falmouth's Gertrude and Mr. Houldsworth's Gondola. To Favonius: Mr. Crowther Harrison's Bathilde and Apple Sauce; Mr. C. Lea's Love-Letter and Christmas Fare. To Restitution: Mr. G. F. Lyndon's Frivolity, Prince Soltykoff's Bounceaway, General Pearson's Panoply, Cognissance, and Red Rag, and Mr. Crowther Harrison's Ostentation.

Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court.—Arrivals: To Y. Melbourne, Lord Alington's Flower of Dorset; and his Fusce to Prince Charlie.

At Easton Lodge Paddocks.—Lord Rosslyn's Berceau, a bay colt by Grouse, and will be put to Berttram.

On Jan. 18, at Newbridge Hill Stud Farm, Bath, Siluria, a bay colt foal by Orest, and will be put to Asteroid. Arrival: Mr. J. Bowes's Toison d'Or, in foal to Knight of the Garter, and will be put to the same sire.

Myton, Helperby, York. Major Stapylton's Princess (dam of Syrian), a colt foal by Speculum.

Danebury, Stockbridge. The following mares have arrived to Mornington:—Mr. E. Brayley's Lily, Grace Darling, La Rose, Lady Rollo, Eleanor, Black-Eyed Susan, and Golden Horn, all in foal to Mornington; also Mr. Brayley's Codicil and Violent, both barren. The following mares have arrived to Alpenstock:—Mr. Powney's Marcia, in foal to Mornington; the Earl of Hardwicke's Adelina, barren; and Sir Frederick Johnstone's Castalia, in foal to Alpenstock.

The celebrated American trotting stallion, Shepherd F. Knapp, stands at Myton, near York, along with Syrian and Blue Mantle.

We had the pleasure of looking over Cock of the Walk, last Monday, at Albert-gate, and more than one good judge concurred with us in our good opinion of the "last of the Chanticleers." Pearlfinder and Mariner are fine horses, but not to be compared with Cock of the Walk, who should be quite a cut above the "walking gentleman" business, and find a home in some establishment where the chance of a few high-class thoroughbreds will be given to him.

We had rather prematurely announced, it appears, the final retirement of old Marsyas, who, like some well-known performers, takes "one more" benefit during the ensuing season at Shepherd's-bush.

It is rumoured that Captain Ray, to whose severe loss we have alluded elsewhere, is in treaty for Lord Lyon.

Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, in the county of Durham. Arrived to Macgregor: Captain Bayley's Jessamine, in foal to Winslow, and Thormanby mare, in foal to Tibthorpe; Mr. Frizell's Saunterer mare and Jollity by Jordan, in foal to Siderolite. Arrived to Stentor: Queen of the May by Oulston, barren to King of Scots; Arabella by Pandango, in foal to Stentor. Arrived to Idus: Mr. Van Haansbergen's Helia, in foal to Idus; and Policy, sister to Perseverance (Per Se's dam), in foal to Idus. Mr. Van Haansbergen has been asked to lease Macgregor, whose subscription-list is filling fast, to replace Gladiator, but was unable to do so owing to his having booked so many mares to the horse already.

The Stud Company, Cobham.—Jan. 23, the Glasgow Stud's Departure's dam foaled a filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to See Saw; Jan. 25, the Stud Company's Kate Dayrell, a filly by Adventurer, and will be put to Blair Athol; Major Carlyon's Amethyst, a filly by Saunterer, and will be put to Blair Athol. Arrived to Carnival: Jan. 25, Mr. Rd. Combes's Alberta, in foal to Blair Athol. Arrived to George Frederick: Jan. 25, Mr. Rd. Combes's Fanchette, in foal to Alvarez. Arrived to See Saw: Jan. 21, the Glasgow Stud's Sister to Stafford, in foal to Cardinal York.

Stanton's Stud-Farm, Kingsclere.—Jan. 2, Mr. T.E. Walker's Dutchman's Daughter, a brown filly by Vespasian, and will be put to Statesman.

Swallcliffe Stud-Farm, near Banbury.—Everlasting, by King Tom (dead twins by Westwick), will be put to Barefoot.

Wareham Stud Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey.—Arrived to Thunderbolt: Jan. 20, Mr. Cowper-Temple's mare Flower of Safety, in foal to Sir Walter Tyrrell. 25th inst., the Stud Company's mare Dentelle, in foal to Speculum.

At Finstall, Bromsgrove, on the 10th inst., Mr. W. E. Everitt's Hironelle, by Macaroni, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again. On the 14th, Penniless, by Beadsman, a bay filly by Paul Jones, and will be put to him again. On the 20th inst., Vicar's Daughter, by Surplice, a bay colt by Paul Jones, and will be put to Cardinal York. Arrived to Paul Jones, Mr. H. Adkins's mare by Tim Whiffler out of Honeydew, in foal to Paul Jones.

Rufford Abbey, Jan. 25.—Prince Batthyany's Patronage foaled, Jan. 24, a filly by Julius, and will be put to Parmesan. Arrived to Parmesan: Prince Batthyany's St. Angela; Mr. Gibson's Chance, in foal to Cremorne; Mr. Gibson's Chic, in foal to Young Trumpeter; Mr. Crawford's Mayonaise, in foal to Parmesan; Mr. Crawford's Corrie, in foal to Parmesan. Arrived to Cremorne: Mr. Crawford's Lady Mary, in foal to Cremorne; Baron Rothschild's Hawthorn Blossom, barren. Arrived to Wenlock: Lord Bradford's mare by Wild Dayrell, in foal to Lacydes; Mr. Crawford's Lizzie Greystock, in foal to Pell Mell. Jan. 25, Mr. Savile's Eaking, a filly by D'Estournel.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, who is at present performing staff duties in the garrison of Gibraltar, is expected to return to England about the middle of April. He will then probably rejoin his regiment, the 7th Hussars; and, as he is now qualified for a colonelcy, the Gazette promoting him and appointing him to some command may shortly be anticipated.

CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday morning a singular accident happened to a brougham and pair of horses at Stafford. The brougham, the occupant of which was Colonel Ewart, 2nd Life Guards, was proceeding from Ingestre Hall to the railway station at Stafford, and when near the Star, in Mill-street, the bed of the carriage gave way, and, the box, in consequence, falling over, the coachman and Colonel Ewart's valet were precipitated into the road, but neither of them was hurt. The horses, taking fright at the noise occasioned by this mishap, dashed forward at a furious rate until their career was stopped in front of the railway station. Happily Colonel Ewart, who remained seated in the carriage the whole of the time, escaped unhurt.

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Our Cautious Critic.

THAT species of theatrical and musical entertainment called opéra-bouffe, having for some years proved a remunerative speculation to various managers, should not now, because it has lost its pristine flavour of novelty, be altogether condemned as a worthless thing. Yet such is the fickle and indiscriminating nature of the public taste that it execrates the dish (however excellent) with which it has been gorged. Hence the frequent remark of the wise ones just now (those who "know a thing or two"), made with a shrug of the shoulders, "opéra-bouffe is played out."

The same remark would be made upon occasion about the



Miss Claude's general impression of how to "make up" as a school girl.

legitimate drama or any other sort of play. Of course, it merely means that audiences are sated with that particular species of entertainment—as they always will be with any kind of show so soon as its popularity impairs its quality.

In regard to the opéra-bouffe, however, a distinction must be made. It is true that a few years back the fashion was to decry what was then called *Burlesque*. "When will the stage cease to be degraded by these unmeaning admixtures of bad puns and vulgar ditties?" Such was the common groan just before opéra-bouffe first landed upon the shores of perfidious Albion. Opéra-bouffe took the place of burlesque. But opéra-bouffe, as understood in Paris, never was and never will be appreciated in London. It was the music chiefly which secured its popularity here. The gist or humour of the stories was never rightly comprehended, or, if comprehended, was too French to enlist British sympathies. We affected to appreciate the point of situations which we did not understand, and we laughed at unintelligible paraphrases of witticisms upon subjects quite outside the range of our experience or estimation. With the music it was otherwise. This we could all appreciate. Offenbach was always exhilarating and artistic; Lecocq scarcely less so. With inferior music, I will ask you what degree of popularity would have been achieved in England by such productions as *La Grande Duchesse* and *La Fille de Madame Angot*? I venture to say that they (the best of their school) would have made no impression whatever, unless an impression of disgust. Happily (or unfortunately, as the case may be), we are not sufficiently civilised in England to consider adultery an excessively humorous subject for dramatic treatment. The laugh which in this country greets certain incidents of frequent occurrence in French opéra-bouffe is rather sardonic. It is more suggestive of tragedy than of comedy.



The Plot of *Antarctic*

As evidence that it is the music alone which has constituted the attraction of opéra-bouffe, I would instance the fact that in the progress of these entertainments whenever the music lulls the gap is filled in by pantomimic buffoonery and lewd dances. Nevertheless, it does not follow that, because a certain description of French opera done into indifferent English begins to lose the charm with which novelty at first invested it, musical comedy, generically considered, will cease to be popular. *Trial by Jury* is a brilliant instance to the contrary, although it is the only one.

Attempts have, however, been several times made to produce a species of extravaganza, which, while it shall not be an absolute translation of a French piece, shall yet contain many of the leading features of opéra-bouffe, interwoven with the characteristics of English burlesque. Mr. H. B. Farnie, who



Mr Harry Cox

was the first to adapt French opéra-bouffe into English, has made several essays of this kind. The success of *Nemesis* at the Strand Theatre inspired him to produce a series of similar efforts at the same house. Not one of them, however, has been equal in any respect to that bright little piece. And the last, *Antarctic*, is the worst of the collection, with the exception, perhaps, of *Intimidad*, which was very poor indeed.

Mr. Farnie is without originality of invention. This want he endeavours to supply by an industrious gleaning of all the most piquant productions of the Parisian cafés-chantants and music-halls. It is needless to state that the most of these little trifles, either songs or farces, are of such a nature as to render their literal transplantation impossible. Consequently Mr. Farnie is obliged to tone them down before reproduction. This operation rubs off the point. He never



"The Useful man of the company" pulling the piece through!



Mr Terry in "Antarctic"

troubles himself much with plot; but is content if he can alternate song with dance and dance with song in lively rotation. In his experience this has been sufficient to ensure success.

The fact is that at the Strand Theatre Mr. Farnie has been exceptionally fortunate in the company he has had to work for. Nowhere in London have there been brought together so many and such capable actors of extravaganza.

First and foremost, I will mention one whom I shall designate as the "Useful Comedian." Without him no Strand burlesque is complete. The part that everyone else would refuse is taken by him with cheerful alacrity, and rendered not less amusing than it is in the author's book. I allude to Mr. H. Carter. He is a sort of live "carpenters' scene," being always shoved on to fill up a gap while some of the principal drolls and minstrels are changing their dresses, or the like. I confess I always look forward with a degree of interest and curiosity to the part Mr. Carter is about to play in any new piece of Mr. Farnie's. For it is sure to be the most unpromising part in the piece. And equally certain is Mr. Carter to address all his energies cheerfully to its performance. This is by no means a common characteristic of your comedian. I know many a one who would go through such parts grumblingly, or sulkily, or listlessly, as if suffering under an awful indignity. Mr. Carter's part in *Antarctic* is that of a valet, in red plush, named (why the mischief can't Mr. Farnie take the trouble to find a few funny English names instead of borrowing merely the French ones?) Eusebe. Mr. Carter does his work conscientiously throughout. The part is nothing.

As for the other actors, where shall you find a more amusing burlesque actor than Mr. Edward Terry? I need not recount his various triumphs of one kind and another. He has added to a gift of native humour an amount of stage study which renders him a model to aspiring young comedians. It is easy to observe in the slightest detail that Mr. Terry is not one of those artists who, after a few preliminary amateur performances, have bloomed suddenly into comic actors. Be a part never so unpromising he will infuse some fun into it. And in the vocal portions he is as humorous as he is accurate, which is saying much. As Paletot, alias Ultramarine, he has a bad part, which he acts well. His first costume is a very ineffective one.

In this last respect Mr. Harry Cox is better provided as old Bastille; but he has a still more unpromising part. Mr. Cox is another actor of sound talent and excellent training. He and Mr. Terry together ought to be sufficient to ensure the success of the comic portions of any burlesque.

Then there is our Gallic friend, M. Marius. Surely a lighter, more vivacious, and more graceful comedian we have



The Plot Continued!

not. In *Antarctic* he is provided with situations somewhat more amusing and more intelligible than either of his confrères; but even these contain but meagre material for the actor to work upon.

Miss Lottie Venn, also, is a charming vocalist and a refined actress, with a nice sense of burlesque humour.

Miss Angelina Claude is the only member of the company who is exactly on the level of Mr. Farnie's work. Her humour is laughter-moving, but vulgar. The tone is that of the music-hall.

Not to mention others, let me sum up by remarking that here is a company capable of making a success of any well-constructed and tolerably humorous burlesque. In reply to this remark, I hear a loud cry of "Author! author!"

Talking of authors, is the Mr. F. C. Burnand who wrote the burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan* the same Mr. F. C. Burnand who so persistently eulogises the theatrical productions of the former in the pages of *Punch*? Can any of my readers inform me also which of the two is the humorist? This is a grave problem, which ought to be solved.

WINDSOR MILITARY STEEPLECHASES AND BALL.

The steeplechase meeting promoted by Mr. Chichester and Lord Charles Ker took place, on Wednesday and Thursday last, over a course on the farm of the former gentleman at Old Windsor. The going was good, and the fences fair hunting ones, the general opinion being in favour of the track for its present purpose. Some eight years ago a meeting was held on the same spot; but since then the Windsor Steeplechases, until 1874, were held opposite the Spital Barracks. The attendance was a large one, and the weather all that could be hoped for at this season of the year. The racing was of a fair description, but calls hardly for any comment, though it may be mentioned that in the Open Steeplechase, on the opening day, Birdcatcher's victory was greatly facilitated by the fact of T'Anson securing the inside berth at the bend for home. In the Open Hunters' race Lord Marcus Beresford made his reappearance in the saddle after his accident at Sandown Park, and appeared wholly recovered from the effects of it, which originally were deemed to have been most serious.

On Wednesday evening a ball was given by Colonel George Grant Gordon and the officers of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, at the barrack, Victoria-street, Windsor. Nine rooms of the officers' quarters were elaborately fitted up for the occasion. The officers' mess-room was converted into a ball-room, and was very tastefully decorated. At one end of the room the colours of the regiment were hung over a sofa reserved for Prince and Princess Christian, and around the room were hung a number of shields and pink and blue banners over mirrors. The billiard-room, which is over the ball-room, was fitted up as a supper-room, and draped with blue, white, and pink; and the ceiling was covered with light blue cloth, studded with silver stars. Around the room were devices formed with banners, swords, bayonets, bearskins, and the pipers' banners. On the landing leading from the ball-room to the supper-room, which was also tastefully decorated, the pipers of the regiment were stationed, and performed during the evening. All the rooms were most brilliantly lighted, there being, besides the ordinary gas-lights, no less than 600 wax candles. About 160 guests were present, including Prince and Princess Christian, who were attended by Lady Susan Melville and Colonel the Hon. E. Elliot. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Colonel George Grant Gordon and Colonel and Mrs. Moncrieff, who conducted them to the ball-room. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock. Amongst those present were the Colonel and officers of the 1st Life Guards, the Colonel and officers of the 2nd Life Guards, the Colonel and officers of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), the Colonel and officers of the Grenadier Guards, the Colonel and officers of the first and second battalion Coldstream Guards, the Colonel and officers of the second battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Colonel and officers of the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders. General Lord Rokeby, Colonel of the regiment, was, to the regret of the officers, unable to be present. Messrs. Coote and Timney's band was in attendance. As stated in another column, on Friday Lord Charles Innes Ker and the officers of the brigade of Guards give a drag-hunt ball at the Victoria Barracks to the farmers and their friends whose land they have hunted over.

Mr. MAPLESON left London on Jan. 1 for New York, all his plans for the new theatre being entirely arranged and fixed. The *Evening Mail* of Dec. 18, however, knows that he comes here to "inspect our opera-houses, and gain some new ideas for the opera-house to be built on the Thames Embankment." The *Evening Mail* is a great deal too modest. Mr. Mapleson does not come for new ideas, but as the authorised agent of a company formed with a capital of a million to get the *Evening Mail's* musical critic to come to London and teach Oxenford, Davison, and others how to write on music and the drama. As a specimen of this great critic's grammar let us adduce the following:—"Mlle. Tietjens has entered into an arrangement with Mr. Strakosch to appear at the Academy in January, beginning with 'Norma.'" What begins—the Academy, Strakosch, or January? Are there no stones in heaven, and no second-hand grammars in Nassau-street?—*New York Music Trade Review*.

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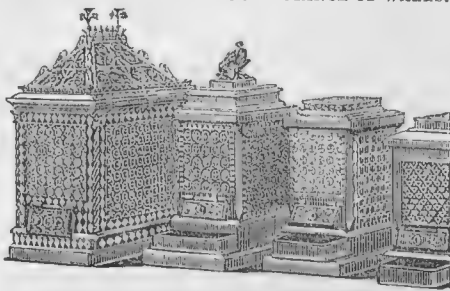
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THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gail, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

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At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

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CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist.

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HUNTERS' PLATE of 50 sovs, for hunters that have never won any steeplechase, flat-race, or hurdle-race value 20 sovs, not including the winner's own stake; four-year-olds 10st 5lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance, 2 sovs (to go to the fund). About three miles.

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For this purpose properties have been purchased constituting a site, the advantages of which, it is believed, cannot be surpassed, either as regards the ample accommodation which it affords, its proximity to the most fashionable and crowded thoroughfares, and its facilities of access from all parts of the metropolis.

This site consists of the well-known Portland Bazaar, in Regent-street, facing the Langham Hotel, and of a large block of property adjoining, which will be pulled down; and on the space thus cleared will be erected a Clubhouse and Skating-Rink, in accordance with the accompanying design.

The total skating area is about 17,000 square feet, thus forming one of the largest Skating-Rinks in the metropolis; and the spacious galleries of the Great Hall will be fitted up as a Lounge and Promenade.

Arrangements are in progress for License to use a Skate which is believed to possess advantages and improvements over any of the numerous skates already patented.

The Clubhouse will confer a distinctive and unique character upon the undertaking. It will provide all the accommodation and conveniences usually afforded by a Club of the highest class; and it will, moreover, possess the agreeable feature of communicating with a large building devoted to the purpose of healthy exercise and entertainment.

The Members of this Club will consist of Ladies and Gentlemen to be elected by the Council, and will have the right of free admission to the Rink upon all occasions, together with such exclusive privileges as may be hereafter announced.

The Rink will be open to the public daily, and in the evening of every week-day not set apart exclusively for the Members of the Club. The greatest care will be exercised in providing for the requirements of Visitors, and the Refreshment Department will be modelled upon the most approved Parisian system.

Special attention will be devoted to the question of music. An Orchestra of the highest character will be engaged, and from time to time Selections of Music of the highest class will be performed. It is also proposed at intervals during the season to organise Fancy-Dress Fêtes, Illuminated Skating Entertainments, Bazaars, Conversations, and other artistic réunions, under the auspices of the Club, acting in concert with the Council of the Rink.

Under these circumstances, it may reasonably be anticipated that the Langham Skating-Rink will become one of the most attractive and enjoyable lounges and resorts of the metropolis; and, looking at its unique character and situation, it cannot fail to prove not only successful from an artistic and popular point of view, but highly remunerative as a commercial enterprise.

It is well known that the Shares of the Skating-Rinks already established are now saleable at very high premiums, and the profits derived from their establishment are exceptionally large. In the case of the Langham Skating-Rink, while due regard will be had to the privileges and enjoyment of the members and the public, the Executive Committee will steadily keep in view the necessity of making such arrangements as will secure a fair profit for the Shareholders.

Subscribers for Shares, therefore, may look forward to the receipt of satisfactory dividends, whilst they continue to hold their Shares, and to being able to dispose of their interests to advantage should they desire at any time to terminate their investment.

Original subscribers for ten shares and upwards will become life members of the Rink, and will have the privilege of nominating one additional life member for every further ten shares subscribed, and the subsequent holder of every ten shares will be entitled to free admission on all occasions during such holding. This privilege will always secure a market value for the Shares, irrespective of the dividends.

The premises purchased by the Company are held under Crown leases, and form most valuable properties, independent of their utilisation as a Rink and Clubhouse.

The only contract entered into is dated Jan. 18, 1876, and is made between Messrs. Hall and Oliveira of the one part, and the Company of the other part, whereby the leases of the premises, the erection of the Clubhouse, and the construction of the Rink, under the superintendence of the Company's Architect, have been secured, and it is anticipated that the Rink will be opened within three months from the allotment of Shares.

A copy of the Articles of Association and of the abovementioned agreement, together with the plans prepared by the Architects, may be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Crook and Smith, the Solicitors of the Company, at 173, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

The preliminary expenses will be confined to printing, advertising, law costs, architect's commission; and any other incidental charges actually incurred.

Applications for Shares should be made upon the accompanying form, which, together with the deposit, should be forwarded to the Bankers, or to the Secretary of the Company.—Jan. 22, 1876.

THE LANGHAM SKATING-RINK COMPANY (LIMITED).

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the "Langham Skating-Rink Company (Limited)."
Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers, for the account of this Company, the sum of £ , being £1 per Share on Shares, I hereby request that number may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any less number that may be allotted, upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you, dated Jan. 22, 1876, and I agree to pay the balance due thereon when required so to do.

Name in full
Residence
Profession
Date

THE LANGHAM SKATING-RINK COMPANY (LIMITED).

ALLOTMENT OF SHARES.

Application for Shares should be sent in, for London, on or before Monday next; and the following day for the Country.



D.H. FRISTON del.

"LORD BATEMAN," AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

"AT the Haras of Ferrieres, Seine et Marne, near Paris, BOIARD, by Vermout out of La Bossue, by De Clare out of Canezou, by Melbourne, at 50 sovs a mare." This is the text upon which we propose to take up our parable this week; and it is one on which might be founded a far longer and more elaborate discourse than that which we are entitled to set forth in these columns. We have been students of the *Racing Calendar* for many years past, and cannot call to mind any such direct foreign invitation to English breeders as that contained in the above announcement. It is no new thing for English owners to send a mare or two to horses for which they may have had a special fancy in France; and many will recollect that Mr. Merry, requiring a "slice" of The Baron, dispatched some of his choicest matrons on a visit to that celebrity, though without any marked success as a reward for his enterprise. Our own Prince Charlie heads the not undistinguished list of those "foaled in France;" but up to the present time this kind of traffic has been limited, and breeders have been contented to draw their supplies from more convenient sources at home. Much may reasonably be advanced against the practice of sending mares at a very critical period on a long journey, with the certainty of being upset by the sea voyage, so peculiarly distressing and injurious to the equine race; but the actual distance to be compassed is scarcely greater than that between our western and northern counties, and need not for one moment be taken into account. A three-weeks' rest before foaling should be amply sufficient to enable mares to "pick up" after their Channel passage; and we fancy it would be better in all cases (if owners could find it in their hearts to do it) for mothers of the flock to enjoy a clear month's sojourn before foaling in strange quarters, the change to which affects the health of all in a greater or less degree. Granted this to be the case, and that an attendant should accompany each batch of mares to see that they are properly tended within the gates of their foreign hosts, we can see no reason why English breeders should decline to avail themselves of Boiard's services, more especially as so many of our cracks at home are advertised as full. The conqueror of our own Doncaster as a four-year-old, and a consistently-good performer over long distances, Boiard cannot be considered dear at half

the fee demanded by his old rival at Eaton Hall; and there is nothing in his shape and make to render us shy of patronising M. Delamarre's horse. His blood, too, we hold to be unexceptionable. Since the death of Nutbourne (to whom posthumous honours have been decreed for his sireship of Fraulein), and who has left no successor at the stud, the Nabob blood has been slightly at a discount among us, and an infusion of it should not be altogether unacceptable to the many desirous of experimenting with crosses of new blood. It will be recollected that Vermout, the sire of Boiard, took the shine out of the mighty Blair Athol in the Grand Prix de Paris of 1864, so that, altogether, the family credentials are of the very highest class; and this novel feature in our *Calendar* should be highly acceptable to English breeders, who have shown themselves so patriotic in their determination to secure the best article at any price. If we cannot obtain possession of such horses as Boiard, the next best thing is to have the opportunity of using them; and we have to thank M. Delamarre for his courtesy in throwing his horse open to the world when he might have limited his services exclusively among his own countrymen.

Much general good is also likely to result from inquiries into the principles and practice of the French method of breeding and rearing; and, highly as we pride ourselves upon the procreancy and development of our youthful aspirants to stud honours, we have still much to learn from the breeders of Gladiateur, Boiard, Flageolet, and many others who have measured swords with our best representatives and have not encountered disgrace. We might advantageously gain some insight into the working of a system which produces these hard, wiry, "three-cornered" animals which we began by deriding but ended by admiring, that rough-and-ready lot, with flying manes and hairy heels, which made such havoc among the dandies of our racecourses. We are also desirous of solving the problem of French breeding, and of ascertaining how it is that from what we have been in the habit of considering very inferior material they have succeeded in bringing to the post animals capable of holding their own with what has been called the "flower of our equine chivalry." Sires which in this country would have inevitably been condemned to perform on an exceedingly low platform shine out in France as progenitors of her cracks, and this not in a few isolated instances, but a legion of examples could be furnished of the truth of our assertions. French ideas of feeding and exercise might be advantageously ventilated, and we might pick up many unexpected wrinkles not dreamt of in the stolid philosophy of John Bull. Nor would a study of the various soils and climates be unprofitable, though we are inclined to place less reliance on these surroundings than on stable management during the period immediately preceding the commencement of active training with the racing debutante.

The counter-argument may not unreasonably be advanced, that it is unnecessary and impolitic to take the trouble and to incur the expense of drawing upon foreign resources when our home supplies are so magnificently furnished, and when the *unde derivatur* of every stallion in France and elsewhere is to be traced to the identical origins of the home breed. To this we answer, that any one inclined to patronise such horses as Boiard would receive in return for his enterprise, if not a new infusion of blood altogether, at any rate one which has been less heavily drawn upon than the majority of the favourite strains in England. A different process of intermixture has been going on on the other side of the Channel, since the days when our neighbours first began their importations of thoroughbreds, and a glance at the French stud-book will show that (as might naturally be expected) the blood in which that nation is richest is precisely of that character which we require to freshen up the streams to which we have perhaps too constantly resorted. The cry has gone up that we have parted with our best horses to "the foreigners," and to this source have been referred those "woes unnumbered" which so many doleful Cassandras have been busy in recounting and predicting. Here, then, is the first of many opportunities which will probably be afforded to us of getting back some of that precious material of which our breed at home is said to stand so greatly in need. In any case, we consider the experiment a desirable one to be made, and commend the consideration of its feasibility to that enterprising body of breeders who cater for the public taste. Everything is "international" in these days of improved communications; and an interchange of "bloods" would not be the least desirable feature among a host of other convenient as well as profitable mercantile transactions.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XLIV.—LORD LYON.

"WINNER of the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger," besides many other races, at two, three, and four years old! Is this form good for you, oh, British public? Or do ye pin your faith to mere handicap performers, or search among the great unknowns of the stud for "fathers of your kings to be?" When the bonny bay's turf labours were over, and the crack's box at Isley knew the whitefooted Lord Lyon no more, you hastened in myriads to kootoo to that magnificent acquisition to the English stud; you filled to overflowing a plethoric subscription-list almost before it had time to open; you anticipated a certain success, and nothing would go down but the lion of the hour. Sooth to say, your attentions were rather overwhelming and too marked to be borne by so young a head, which was naturally induced to become turned by such excess of laudatory worship. It is the old, old story of over-kindness at first, bearing its inevitable fruits of bitter disappointment, and whelming in cold neglect at last. Then, too late, owners of cracks whose day has gone past lament the over-eagerness and undue selfishness which prompted them to work their mine of wealth too prodigally at starting; and happy are they who have yet time before them to take advantage of circumstances and to start life afresh after seasons of enforced idleness. Such may be the case with the subject of our present notice, whose place upon the list of "Winning Stallions," if not worthy of his high repute as a racehorse, is at any rate sufficiently creditable to induce breeders to give him "one more turn." Should he still fail, he fails in such excellent company as that of his predecessors in the honours of the "triple crown," West Australian and Gladiateur, the doughtiest heroes of the last quarter century of racing cracks.

Lord Lyon, bred by Colonel (now General) Pearson in 1863,

was got by Stockwell out of Paradigm, by Paragone (a son of Touchstone) out of Ellen Horne, by Redshank out of Delhi, by Plenipotentiary. Like Pocahontas and a few other celebrities, Paradigm is a sort of landmark in the *Stud Book*, and can boast of three sons now on the public service in England. Kingston was Paradigm's first love, and to him she threw King-at-Arms and Man-at-Arms, both racehorses of average excellence. Rouge Dragon, by Windhorse, was her next produce, and with him, we believe, Sir Joseph Hawley had some notion of troubling Dundee and Co. in the Derby of 1861, had not a careless attendant administered inwardly some remedy intended only for outward application. Panoply was the rather indifferent result of a third visit to Kingston; but the "beautiful Knight of the Silverhair" made ample amends when he begot the handsome but uncertain Blue Mantle, with whom Captain Lane threw in for so many two-year-old mains in 1862. Paradigm next missed to Hobbie Noble; but Vedette brought her once more into notice through Gardevisure, a very smart two-year-old, and subsequent winner of the Cambridgeshire. Stockwell was next selected for her, and the enterprise of Colonel Pearson was rewarded by the birth of Lord Lyon, whose immediate followers were, as all the world knows, the peerless Achievement (now deceased) and Hatchment, dam of King Death. The "thunder and lightning" jacket of the gallant Colonel was then almost unknown, and accordingly Lord Lyon was leased to Mr. (now Sir Richard) Sutton, and early in his yearling days was transferred to the care of James Dover, under whose tuition he showed sufficient promise for his owner to make himself responsible for a whole heap of forfeits in addition to the valuable engagements with which he was hired.

It will be remembered that Rustic, the actual property of Mr. Sutton, was sold by him to the Duke of Beaufort after showing fair form at Ascot, his owner thus pluckily determining to stand on the "hireling" in preference to the animal of his own breeding. Owing to various circumstances, Lord Lyon's debut was delayed until the Doncaster September Meeting, where, in the Champagne, he had to meet such excellent trying tackle as Redan, Strathconan, Robin Hood, Vespasian, The Primrose, and Mount Palatine. Even then he was nothing like fit to run, having been severely blistered a short time previously; but it was determined to start him, and, like many another raw and green beginner, he was placed in the careful hands of that excellent guide, Johnny Osborne. He was ridden tenderly, according to orders, but nevertheless managed to finish upsides with the wall-eyed Redan, who had taken most of the cracks' measure during the season. Judge Clark declined to separate them, and Lord St. Vincent's colt walked over, after it had been agreed to divide the stake. His Lordship then, after receiving forfeit from Mineral (dam of Wenlock) in a match at Newmarket First October, met and defeated such speedy cattle as Mr. Pitt, Primate, King Hal, and Lord Portsmouth's Robin Hood in the Troy Stakes, Custance having the mount; and the same jockey steered him to an easy victory in the Criterion, wherein he encountered and vanquished Young Monarque far more cleverly than Rustic had done in the Clearwell, and retired for the winter first favourite for the Derby, having the call of Student, who had held his place in the quotations with surprising firmness up to that date. All sorts of rumours were afloat concerning him during the recess; but his friends availed themselves of these to make further investments in his favour, for though at one time Dover had slight apprehensions about his feet, Lord Lyon wintered admirably, and owner and trainer feared nothing.

Immediately after Student's fall, in the spring, Lord Lyon assumed undisputed command in both the Guineas and Derby quotations; and so convinced were his friends that nothing could touch him that in the great Newmarket race, after Custance had been disabled at Epsom Spring Meeting, they were content to put up the "stable lad" Thomas on the crack, though more than one of our most accomplished jockeys was dying to ride him. The closing odds were 13 to 8 on Lord Lyon, who came through and won in the easiest possible manner from the queer-actioned Monarch of the Glen (who started at 100 to 1) and that handsome peacock, Knight of the Crescent, who was slightly fancied by the "followers of Scott." By the time the eventful 16th of May had come round, "Cussey" had sufficiently recovered to take his Lordship in hand once more; and though the Lyon, like Blair Athol and others, did not show in the paddock before the race, a sort of sensation was created when Mr. Sutton, looking the picture of confidence, led his white-footed hero from the distance past the stand, and waved his umbrella defiantly at the Ring, then busily engaged in hedging at odds of 6 to 5 on the Two Thousand winner; Rustic and Redan (neither of which he had met at Newmarket) following him at a respectful distance in the quotations. Custance, pale as a ghost from the effects of his late accident, and with his right arm disabled, then received his final orders, which had a smack of Nelson's last signal to his fleet, in the words "There's the horse—take him—do as you please with him." The Lyon, however, was not destined to have things all his own way, for Custance, being weak and unable to "get out" his horse, had to sit and suffer for the last quarter of a mile, while poor Tom French, lying alongside him on the "Bribery colt," made the followers of the black and red turn pale by his vigorous efforts to bring Lord Ailesbury's "I Zingari" colours to the fore. Lord Lyon won at last, but only by a head, and as "Argus" well said, "it was a grand expiring effort on the part of both horse and jockey." Anxious to show his crack before Royalty, and holding Rustic (who was to receive 6lb from Lord Lyon in the Prince of Wales' Stakes) too lightly, Mr. Sutton had the mortification of seeing his horse bowled over by the Danebury champion at Ascot, and immediately a "revulsion of feeling" set in in favour of the Duke of Beaufort's horse, and the prospect of the meeting of the pair with Savernake in the St. Leger was rendered doubly interesting. For some reason, Rustic was withdrawn from the great race of the north, and odds were once more laid on "the Lord;" Savernake's preparation having been notoriously interfered with, and Strathconan, despite his overthrow of Rustic at York, being looked upon as "very small beer." Again, however, was the race a repetition of the Epsom one, and it was only superior condition that enabled Lord Lyon to stall off Challoner's vigorous challenge, almost on the post itself. Like many a St. Leger winner before him, Lord Lyon next threw down the gauntlet for the Doncaster Cup; and so confident were his party that, in order to secure Challoner's services, they were content to declare 4lb overweight, and to lay 5 to 1 on him. Great was their mortification to see their hero one of the first beaten, and the despised Rama cantering in an easy winner by eight lengths, with the gelding Acworth a neck in front of Lord Lyon. Their champion had an easy task set him to beat Strathconan and Mr. Pitt in the Select Stakes, but that terribly fast two-year-old Friponnier made both him and Rustic sing small in the All-Aged Stakes at the next meeting at Newmarket, and the meeting of the Isley and Danebury horses in this "little go" discounted interest in the great match of "Lord Lyon v. Rustic, 1000 p.p., 8st 10lb each, Ditch in," which the former won easily by twenty lengths, thus bringing his three-year-old season to an auspicious close. The next year saw the Lyon victorious in six out of his seven essays on

the racecourse, and he began early by winning the once-famous Trial Stakes at Northampton against Moulsey, Thalia, and Leybourne. Challoner rode him in this race and also for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket's earliest meeting, where nothing of note opposed him; but Thomas was once more on his back for a £100 Plate, R. M., at the First Spring, and Cundance in another race of the same description, wherein he only just beat Julius by a short head at 24lb for the year. The Fourth New Biennial at Ascot was a mere canter for him, though Wild Moor was in receipt of 2st; and at Stockbridge, in Challoner's hands, he polished off Ostreger, Mameluke, and Co. in very handsome style, presenting his year and six pounds to Sir John Astley's horse, and making a terrible example of the smaller cattle. The Friday of Lincoln Autumn was as fatal to him as that day in the Doncaster week, and Cundance and Challoner were once more in opposition for the Queen's Plate on Rama and Lord Lyon, while Regalia and Sundeelah also joined issue over the two miles. Once more, but this time at even weights, victory rested with the green and white braid of the "affable Earl," though only by a head, and Lord Lyon was led away, never again to be stripped in public, after having placed a very large sum to his owner's credit during his three years' labours on the turf. We find his name among the Ascot Cup entries for 1868, but he was not destined to dispute the possession of that trophy with Blue Gown, Speculum, and King Alfred, and early in the summer the Hsley gallops knew him no more. James Dover often wishes that he had such another to fill his coffers abroad and to "keep time" at home, when the measure has to be taken of a batch of yearlings, or when a handicap chance has to be decided by a rough gallop with the schoolmaster.

In 1869 we find Lord Lyon advertised to stand at Neasham Hall, where so many celebrities have graduated under Mr. Cookson's eye, at a thirty-guinea fee, when his list of thirty-five mares filled at once. His hirer gave him almost the cream of his choice collection on which to try his 'prentice hand; and the next year his subscription was enlarged (somewhat injudiciously, perhaps) to forty-five mares. That Lord Lyon had made good use of his time may be inferred from the fact that no less than twenty-seven foals were credited to his first year of labour at the stud; but he scored one less in each of the two succeeding seasons, while his numbers in 1873 and 1874 reached thirty-three and twenty-eight respectively. After remaining two years on the "banks o' Tees," he was translated (once more as a hireling) to Hurstbourne Park, having been promoted to the fifty-guinea division in 1873, but again coming down to his old figure in the succeeding spring. No horse could possibly have entered life under more auspicious circumstances, and the highest stud honours were confidently predicted for the follower in the victorious footsteps of West Australian and Gladiateur. Prognostications of his success were in some degree confirmed when his two-year-olds came out in 1872 with such a star as *Cœur-de-Lion* among them, and *Beanstalk* and *Lady Lyon* among his nine winners. But he failed signally to continue in his well-doing the next year, when he could boast but seven who did him any credit, with no youngster among them to keep things going. In 1874 he made some slight improvement—*Cataclysm*, *Horse Chestnut*, and *Speedwell* being among his eight winners; and during the past season *Water Lily* has been his great card, though his stock shows up better than in previous seasons, and later specimens of his begetting have managed to hold their own in "middle-class" society, if not in the best of all good company. A more racing-like nag than *Horse Chestnut* it would be difficult to have made "to order;" but hitherto there has been a softness about the young Lord Lyons which makes trainers fight sadly shy of the sort, and for the most part they have shown but poor staying qualifications. Too many of his stock are washy-looking bays with white markings; and so far, he has got nothing within stones of his own excellent form. We are glad, however, to be able to record a decided improvement in the yearlings brought up for sale during the season just concluded; and there is no reason why, like some fallen Derby favourites, he should not once more "come with a rattle," for he cannot be said yet to have attained the prime of life, and we may well consent to overlook the shortcomings of a youth perhaps too heavily taxed at its outset. "Fewer mares and better foals" is a maxim too often forgotten or derided in the first burst of popularity, when suitors throng to the gates, and it goes against the grain to turn away money. Notwithstanding his melancholy failure hitherto, there is more than one breeder of experience who is ready to excuse Lord Lyon, and many who refuse to believe that the form he has hitherto exhibited is correct. He is still the property of General Pearson, and his change of quarters may possibly bring about a change of luck. There seems to be no earthly reason why he should fail to vindicate his proud title of Derby winner by founding a line of kings; but only those who have had the uphill game to fight against evil fortune can form any idea of the difficulty of setting up again a fallen idol upon its pedestal, and of overcoming the prejudice which must naturally exist against those who have been tried and been found wanting.

Lord Lyon is a dark bay horse, and stands as nearly as possible sixteen hands high. He has a small star on his forehead and four white feet, marked on the *crescendo* scale from his off fore pastern, which has merely a ring of the white, to his off hind leg, which shows a regular "stocking" of that colour. His head, though slightly of the Stockwell type, is well shaped and generous looking, with large, full eye but shortish ears. His neck is inclined to be short and light, decidedly the point in his conformation which *exigant* judges would have altered, though there is nothing weak in its character. His shoulders are fairly laid, but a trifle short, and he girths well, with plenty of depth through the heart. His withers are lower than his croup, which gives him the appearance of being what Yorkshiremen term "saddle-backed;" but there is no fault to be found with the arching of his back ribs, and altogether he is as nice a topped horse as one could wish to meet, his quarters being square and muscular and tail fashionably set on. He has plenty of substance, arms and thighs being well developed and fair, but not remarkable bone. He is rather long both in cannon-bone and from the hocks downwards, while his pasterns are upright, and he moves with a straight leg. His feet are slightly of the "duckbill" order, low at the heels, and likely to be affected by hard ground; but he stood his preparations wonderfully well, and was withdrawn from active service thoroughly sound in wind and limb. Taking him altogether, he is a fine specimen of the English thoroughbred, and there are few better-looking horses at the stud. He suffers from his feet occasionally, like Newminster, Lord Clifden, and many other fathers of the stud in their day, but never to such an extent as to prevent him indulging in plenty of strong exercise; and he is a most amiable gentleman to deal with, taking life easily, and bearing himself with the dignity and ease befitting a winner of the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Advt.]

Trickist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

Showing the policy of sometimes refusing to draw the last trump, and of refusing to take an adverse winning card. In the subjoined hand the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (♠) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

B's HAND.
Diamonds—King, 8, 5, 3.
Spades—Ace, 4.
Hearts—Queen, 8, 7, 2.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 2.

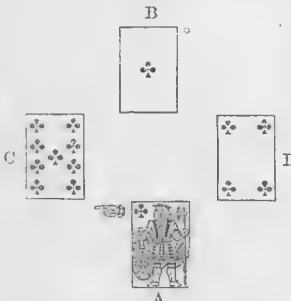
C's HAND.
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 7, 2.
Spades—King, Queen, Knave,
8.
Hearts—Ace, 9, 5, 3.
Clubs—9.

D's HAND.
Diamonds—Knave, 9, 6.
Spades—10, 9, 7.
Hearts—Knave, 10, 4.
Clubs—7, 6, 5, 4.

A's HAND.
Diamonds—Ace, 4.
Spades—6, 5, 3, 2.
Hearts—King, 6.
Clubs—King, Queen, Knave, 8, 3.
Score—3 all.

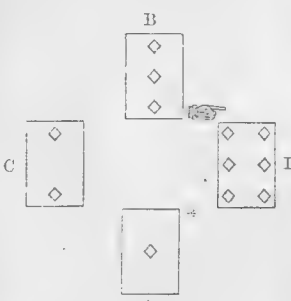
D turns up the Knave of Diamonds.

TRICK 1.



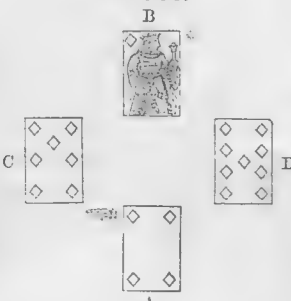
From King, Queen, Knave, and two other Clubs, A plays the recognised lead of Knave. Assuming none of the players are calling for Trumps, B, holding the Ten, knows positively that C can have no more Clubs, and also that A must have the Three, D having dropped the Four.

TRICK 2.

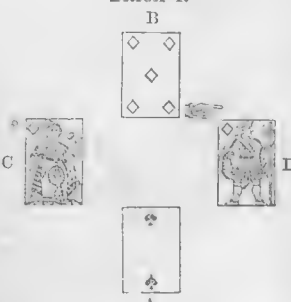


B, knowing A to have the King, Queen, and two other Clubs, and being guarded himself in Spades and Hearts, leads from his four Trumps.

TRICK 3.

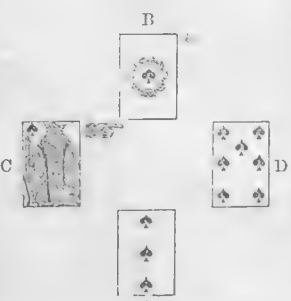


TRICK 4.



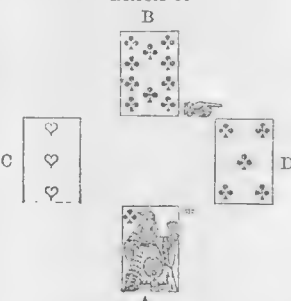
C, having the Ten of Trumps, takes his partner's Knave with Queen in order to obtain the lead.

TRICK 5.



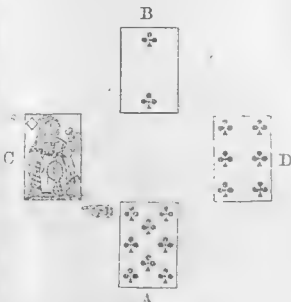
C properly declines to draw the remaining Trump, which, of course, must be in B's hand, but prefers keeping the Queen of Trumps to stop the Club suit, which he knows to be established in A's hand.

TRICK 6.



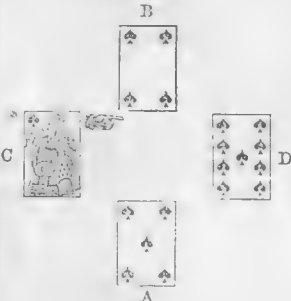
C refuses to trump, because if B has another Club to give his partner they will ultimately bring in the whole of the suit. The return of the Ten shows him that B can hold at most but one more Club, which must be either the Two or Three.

TRICK 7.

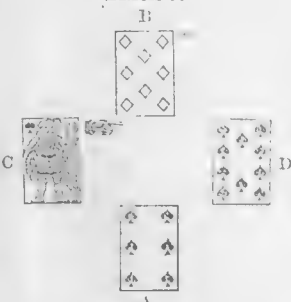


From the fall of the cards in this round, B knows that the Seven of Clubs must be in D's hand, as if A had held it he would have put it on instead of the Eight.

TRICK 8.



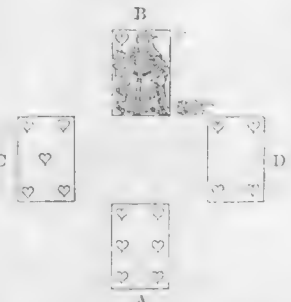
TRICK 9.



After this round, B is in a position to count all the hands. D has no more Spades, and must, therefore, hold three Hearts, and the Seven of Clubs. (See Trick 7.)

A must hold two Hearts, value unknown, besides the King and Three of Clubs, while C must have the only Spade unaccounted for, the Eight, and three Hearts.

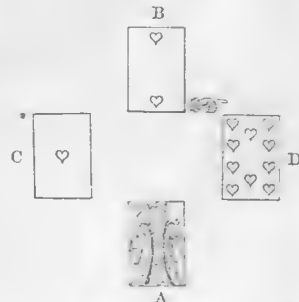
TRICK 10.



Well played by B. He sees that, to win the game, A must hold either Ace or King of Hearts; if the for-

mer, it is, of course, plain sailing. If he hold the King, however, B calculates that the Queen will draw the Ace, and A will get in next round with the King, and bring in his two Clubs. This ingenious coup is cleverly defeated by C, who holds up the Ace of Hearts and passes the Queen.

TRICK 11.



C wins Trick 12 with the Eight of Spades, and then leads the Nine of Hearts, which D takes with the Knave, making thus the sixth trick and saving the game.

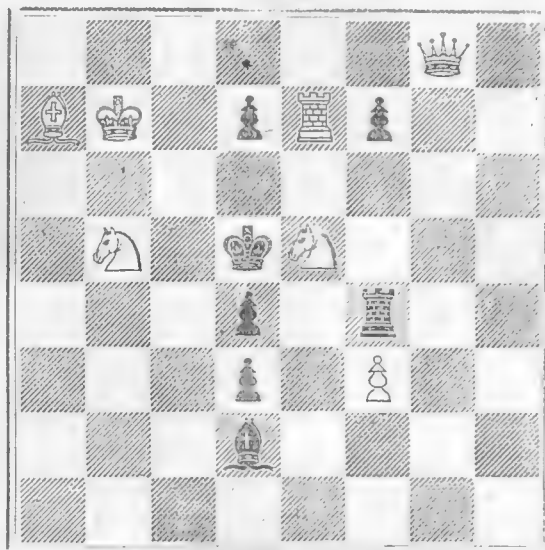
Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLIE and POLLY.—Quite correct.
I. S. T., W. C. BOWYER, R. W. S., W. G., R. H. DENNE.—The solutions of Problem No. 82 are correct.
I. S. T.—No. 83 is, as usual, right.
PAWEN, J. W. G.—In the "Chess Drama" the tenth move was accidentally omitted on each side. They should be—White, 10. R to K sq; Black, 10. Q takes R P.
H. NEWMAN.—Many thanks for the correction. We discovered the error just when it was too late to correct it.
W. C. BOWYER.—If correct, it shall have a place shortly.

PROBLEM No. 84. By Mr. W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Played some time ago, at the St. George's Chess Club, between Messrs. Wayte and Cochrane.—(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K4	P to K4	16. P takes Kt	B to Q B3
2. Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	17. Q R to Q sq	Q R to K sq
3. P to Q4	P takes P	18. P to Q4 (c)	Q to K 2nd
4. Kt takes P	B to Q B4 (c)	19. K R to K sq	P to K R3
5. B to K3	B takes Kt (b)	20. B to K R4	K to R2 (d)
6. B takes B	Q to K Kt4	21. Q to K B4	R to K Kt sq
7. B to K3	Q to K2	22. P to K5	P takes P
8. Kt to Q B3	Kt to K B3	23. P takes P	P to K Kt4
9. B to Q3	P to Q3	24. P takes P	P to K Kt4
10. Castles	B to K3	25. B takes Kt (c)	R takes P
11. P to K B4	Castles (K R)	26. K to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
12. P to K B5	B to Q2	27. Q to Q4	Q to Q B4 (ch)
13. K to R sq	Q to K4		B to K R6
14. K to R sq	Kt to Q Kt5		(disch)
15. Q to K B3	Kt takes B		

and White resigned.

(a) Many players prefer this move to 4. Q to K R3 on account of the difficult and complicated series of moves which the latter defence involves. Properly conducted, however, the latter is strictly sound, and should at least preserve the gambit Pawn.

(b) Not an advisable deviation from the customary continuation of 5. K Kt to K2.

(c) White has now an indisputable superiority in position.

(d) The ingenuity of desperation. Black sees that his only chance is to open his King's Knight's file for the action of the Rook.

(e) White rushes blindly into the trap. He might have won the game off hand by taking the Knight with Pawn, as in that case he could have subsequently interposed the Bishop at K Kt3.

Another Game between the same Players.—(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K4	P to K4	18. P takes P	Kt takes R P (ch)
2. Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	19. K to Kt sq	B takes Q
3. B to Q B4	B to Q B4	20. P takes Q	Kt takes P (ch)
4. P to Q B3	Kt to K B3	21. R takes Kt (c)	B takes R
5. P to Q3 (a)	P to Q3	22. P takes P	K takes P
6. P to K R3	Q Kt to Q2	23. Q Kt to K4	B to Q Kt3
7. Castles	Castles	24. R to K B sq	R to K3
8. P to Q4	P takes P	25. B to Q3	Q R to Q sq
9. P takes P	B to Q Kt3	26. B to Q B2	R to Q4
10. B to K Kt5	Kt to K Kt3 (b)	27. Kt to K Kt3	R to Q B3
11. Kt to Q B3	P to K R3	28. Kt to K4	R to K R4 (ch)
12. B takes Kt	Q takes B	29. K to Kt sq	B to Q Kt3 (ch)
13. Kt to Q5	Q to Q sq	30. Q Kt to B2	B to Q4
14. Q to Q3	P to Q B3	31. Kt to K R2	K to R sq
15. Kt to Q B3 (c)	Kt to K B5	32. P to K Kt4 (f)	R to K Kt sq
16. Q to K3	Q to K B3	33. R to K sq	R takes P (ch), and wins.
17. P to K5 (d)	P takes P		

(a) This opening is termed by Jaenisch "Gioco Pianissimo."

(b) He would clearly have lost a piece had he taken the King's Pawn.

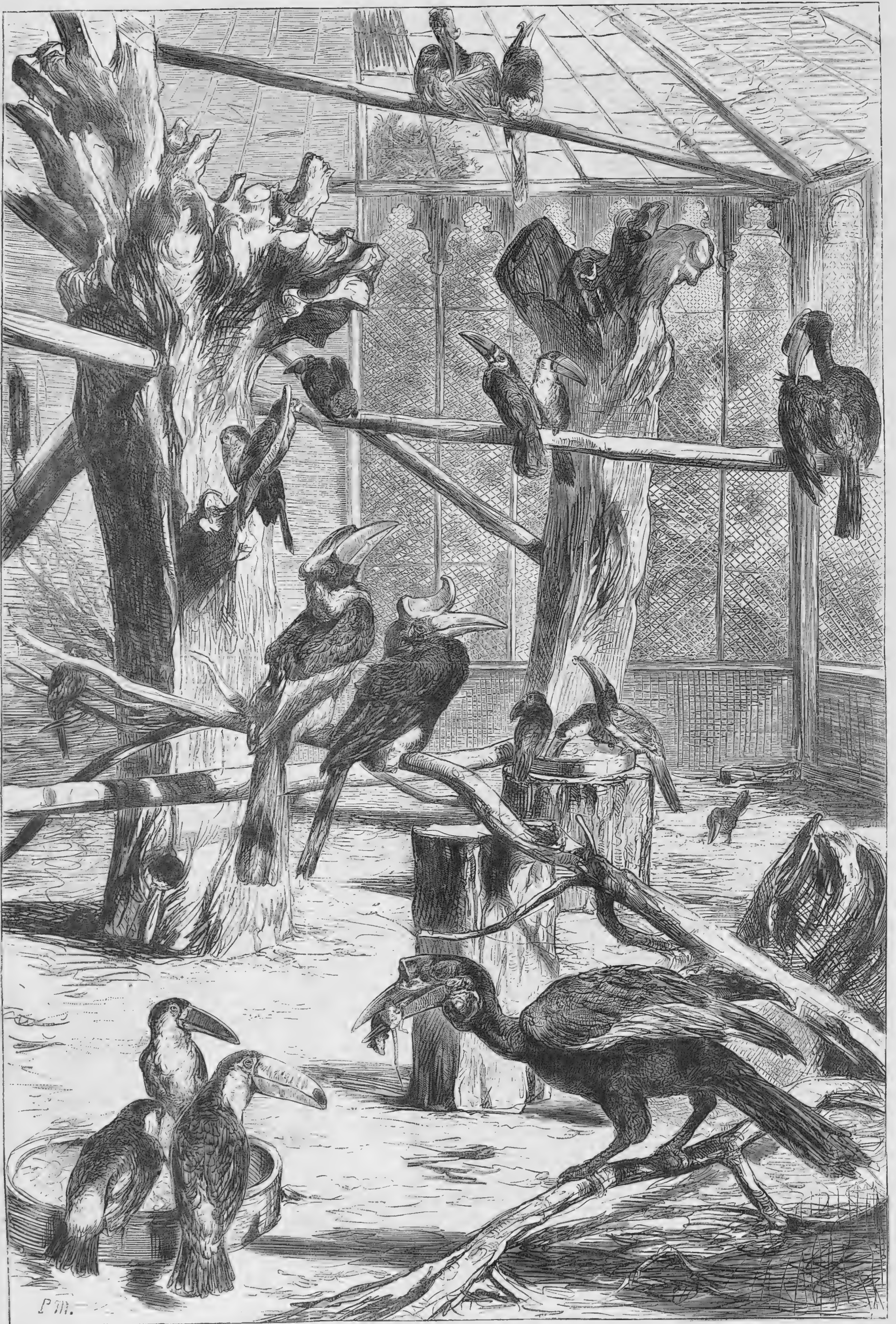
(c) We should certainly have preferred capturing the Bishop.

(d) A slip, seemingly, as it loses a Pawn for nothing.

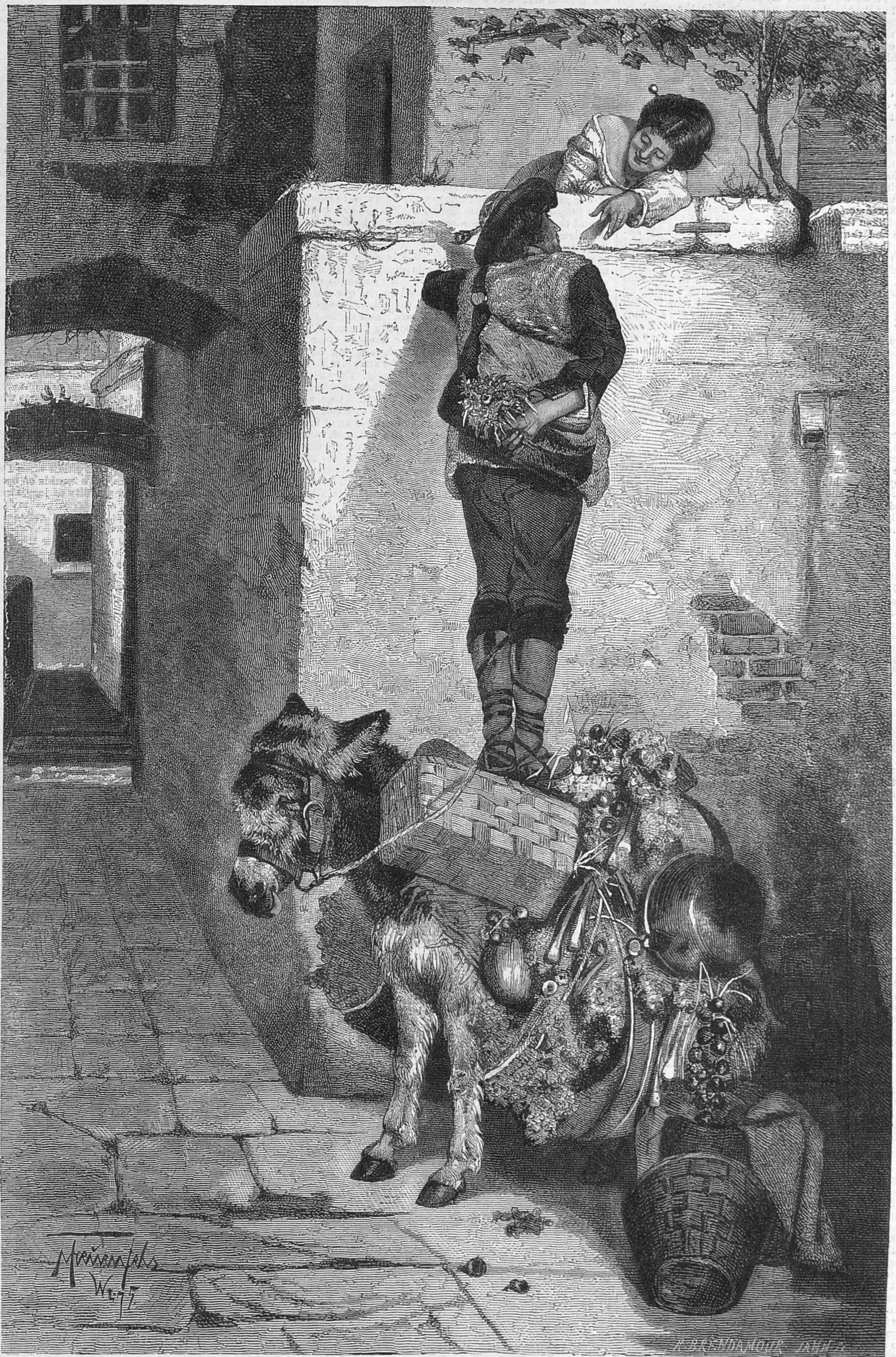
(e) The sacrifice of the "exchange" is his only hope of obtaining any attack.

(f) The Pawn is lost under any circumstances.

Dr. von Bülow.—"Obey," the amusing London correspondent of the *New York Music Trade Review*, makes a feature in one of his recent letters of the reception given to Dr. von Bülow's amazing assertions by the English press. He says:—"Dr. von Bülow has raised a perfect storm of indignation, here. He has, so it is reported, spoken against the English public, to capture the Americans, and a perfect ocean of anathemas is being heaped on his devoted head. Some of the critics find fault with his 'wholesale flattery' and hypocritical allusions to the Bible, and predict how he will treat American critics when once out of their reach. Here is a specimen of the style employed by the *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*." And thereafter follows an extract from our article on Dr. von Bülow.



PEPPER-BIRDS IN THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, BERLIN.



"WHICH IS THE ASS?"

A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

NO. IV.

ALTHOUGH I belong to the "sporting" division of your paper, I must crave permission for this letter to be of a dramatic character, as, in the entire dearth of more congenial topics, I am driven to report upon two entertainments which I have witnessed since dispatching my last.

We arrived at Port Said about ten o'clock in the evening, and, undeterred by the lateness of the hour, determined to go on shore, on the representation of one of the passengers that there was a concert-hall there second to none in London, a statement which was considerably toned down as we wended to the place; and as we reached the door we were requested to kindly understand that when the gentleman so eulogised the Port Said singing-saloon he had intended to convey the idea that the concert-hall in question was not only second to none, but not even third, or fourth, or fifth, or fiftieth—which was true.

Anyone who has ever gone a long sea voyage can at once picture to his mind the sort of scene that meets the eye when the ship touches at a foreign port. Hardly has the vessel entered the harbour when a flotilla of small boats crowd round it, manned with dusky crews, dressed in heterogeneous garments, strange to the eye, and jabbering in a language which suggests anything but common-sense. Such was the case with us. One might almost liken the scene to a chased deer that retires to a shady grove and there sinks down exhausted, while his appearance is the signal for a host of wolves, and jackals, and bloodsuckers of that ilk, who crowd and snap round him, seeking what they may devour and snarling if their appetite is unappeased. Now, I do not for a moment mean to infer that the worthy and amphibious tradesmen who derive a living by opening temporary shops on board every vessel that touches at Port Said are wolves and jackals—because they are a "dern sight wuss," as Jonathan over the water would say—but I can, (metaphorically speaking) most truthfully aver that they are bloodsuckers; and it needs only the shades of evening, and the dim uncertain light to aid the deception, and make these Egyptian Barabbases (now Barabbas was a thief!) appear like huge bats, with a touch of the ghoul about them.

As soon as we had obtained pratique up they crowded; and for ten minutes the cry was, "Still they come!" Men of all denominations—mostly blackguards—selling more things than I should care to catalogue, or you to print.

There is a beverage known in India as brandy-pawnee. Now, as all the world is aware, a man may be drowned in water, and lose his life by suffocation. In like manner, a man can be suffocated by the amphibious shopkeepers of Port Said. But it is reserved for another class of men to represent the brandy—and in saying brandy I allude to the ardent spirit that can kill at twenty paces; and that class call themselves "guides," and might with equal truth call themselves "honest!"

A "guide" at a foreign port may be likened to a wedge—he softly insinuates the thin end first. Then by a series of short but rapid steps he clenches you tighter and still more tight; and finally he "fixes" you, as they say in America. And this is how he does it.

Given, that all obstacles against going ashore are removed, that you have dived down into your cabin and come out again a trifle warmer, but a good deal more respectable to look at, and that you are on deck armed (as one of our passengers was, with a marline-spike, because we had previously led him to believe that Port Said was a dangerous place at night!) and accounted, and ready to go ashore. As you stroll along the deck, waiting for your companions, a man of mild aspect and neek bearing—

Washing his hands in invisible soap,
In imperceptible water—

steps softly up, and, touching his hat, remarks that it is a very fine night. You naturally acquiesce—an Englishman always does, even though it is pouring cats and dogs. The dusky gentleman then begs permission to assure you that Port Said is a very fine place. You're glad to hear it. The next drop of wisdom that issues from his lips is to the effect that the only fault of Port Said lies in the intricacy of its streets. He says this without a blush—positively without a blush; and yet there is but one street in Port Said that anyone ever thinks of visiting, and that is the first one you come to. You answer, in a knowing sort of way, "Ah, indeed!" and then you stroke your chin in a superior and sagacious manner. The stretch from an intricate city to a guide that knows it by heart and can lead you through it as easily as you could lead him through the ship is not a very long one, and that is his next manoeuvre; but it takes him at least five minutes to thoroughly tackle the subject, and during that time you abandon yourself to a reckless course of "Ah! indeed-ing." The climax is reached, when the dusky gentleman bows politely (Port Said is French to the backbone), and assures you that he is a guide and his services are at your disposal. You bestow a final "Ah, indeed!" upon him, and, on being pressed in a weak moment, you accept his offer. Having accepted it, the wisest thing you can do is to give him a florin and bid him go hang; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, into his hands you commit your person—and God help you!

Such was the case with us—seven of us; and so, following the swarthy Egyptian, we crept down the ladder in Indian file and were rowed ashore.

Now, were I to repeat all the drops of profound wisdom (excuse me, but the contagion of Eastern phraseology attacks one in an Eastern climate) that fell from the lips of our intelligent guide, I should swamp the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS in an ocean of sagacious philosophy, compared to which that of Martin Tupper is as

Worsted stockings are to engine hose.

I will therefore leave your readers to imagine, and not experience at secondhand, the subtle undercurrent of wisdom that pervaded the path of our expedition, and will hasten on to a plain and unvarnished description of what we saw.

After making various purchases at the establishment of various thieves, we adjourned to the "Café Chantant," the leading hall of amusement in Port Said. Imagine a large room, with four open doors leading into the public street, and a crowd collected round them and staring in at the performance. At the further end of the room is a small stage, on which seven ladies discourse sweet music upon violins, drums, and other instruments. Behind them are four gentlemen who extract the most melancholy, but at the same time deafening, sounds from weapons of a larger and more powerful calibre. There is no scenery on the stage, and the properties consist of a chair for each performer, a few music rests, and half a dozen paraffin lamps. The body of the room is filled with long and narrow tables in three rows, and the walls are hung with mirrors and lamps. A door on the left leads into a billiard-saloon. At the tables there are about a hundred and fifty people seated—drinking, laughing, smoking, swearing, and, at the end of each popular piece, kicking up a most infernal row and asserting themselves with superfluous vigour. The audience consist chiefly of passengers from the three ships lying in the harbour (which are waiting to enter the canal to-

morrow morning), and of European and native residents. Almost every nationality is represented. The English gentleman, quiet and a trifle supercilious; the English snob, in a loud check; the Anglo-Indian, sporting a colossal sun helmet; gay and festive Frenchmen, swarthy Greeks, unshorn Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Turks, and infidels. At various spots a red fez crops up; and, in fact, the Turkish head-gear is all the fashion, and it is considered imperatively necessary for every newcomer to purchase one. In a distant corner of the room sits the proprietor, an aged man, but shrewd withal, whom a kind Providence has gifted with a squint that enables him to keep one eye on his cash-box and the other upon his customers.

We enter and seat ourselves at one of the tables, and our guide hails the garçon. Beer is ordered and brought. Healths are proposed and copiously drunk. The reckoning is called for, and a fabulous sum is demanded. We argue the point, and our guide assists us; but, curiously enough, he always finds it inconsistent with the high and honourable principles he holds to give judgment in our favour. He would like to do so if he could, he tells us, but his conscience won't permit him. Seven glasses of beer, four-and-sixpence; and that's a fact. We pay under protest, and two or three of us tread on the guide's toes (by accident). Revenge is sweet. At this juncture a youngster of our party, a very observant youth, happens to catch sight of a price-card attached to the wall. We rise and go towards it, and then with one accord make our way to the proprietor and demand satisfaction for the outrage committed upon British subjects. What outrage? Why, charging us twice as much as the price on his list. We begin a healthy argument, and get about four yards deep into it, when the musicians strike up *Madame Angot*. We decide to defer our argument till the end of the piece, and resume our seats. The well-worn airs echo in our ears, and the old, old songs conjure up thoughts of "Home, Sweet Home," and organ-grinders. The selection comes to an end and is loudly "encored." Such a row I never heard before, and never want to hear again. The audience rise to their feet and shout, and sink back into their chairs exhausted and bellow, never for a moment deeming it necessary to give the performers time to begin. They bang their feet on the floor and beat the tables with their sticks, and the dust rises like a sandstorm in the desert. One actually staggers under the weight of the dust. It is suffocating. The gentleman with the marline-spike hammers the leg of the table. The proprietor keeps one eye on the audience, and, cautiously removing the other from his cashbox, fixes it on the stage and winks audibly. Bang goes the drum, and *Madame Angot* is launched once more. The excitement subsides, but not so the dust; and under these circumstances a friend and myself retire, leaving the unfortunate guide frantic—not knowing whether to follow us or stick to the majority.

We left Port Said early the next morning, and I am bound to say that out of the seven only two were able to give a good account of what they saw in the canal when we compared notes some few days afterwards, and the moral is that Port Said bears its "p'ison."

There is a certain element of monotony in all voyages; but that monotony seems to be a thousand times more tedious after a run ashore. In the Red Sea the heat debars one from most amusements, and one can only sit and smoke and play whist in a very meek way. I must, however, say that the horrors of excessive and, above all, moist heat are in a great measure counterbalanced by an unlimited supply of iced liquid, and ever since we left the Suez Canal we have not once had to call in vain for that luxury.

The Red Sea passed, we began to turn our thoughts to more congenial subjects than prickly heat and profuse perspiration. One morning, in an inspired moment, the observant youth aforesaid suggested an Ethiopian concert. The idea "took" like measles. A poet was found: he might have been made to order, he was so punctual in arriving. We told him what we wanted, and down he sat at eleven o'clock in the morning, with a wet towel round his head, a pound of tobacco by his side, and half a dozen of soda handy. At eight o'clock that evening he had composed nine songs, a stump speech, and a programme. The songs were popular parodies which had a local (if one can apply that term to a ship) interest. They were received with favour, more especially one entitled "Horrible Winch," a parody on "Beautiful Star." A winch is one of the most exasperating things in the world. It is a complicated machine worked by steam, which, I am told, is reckoned equal to two sailors. It makes more row than 200 could if they tried ever so hard: but I can't deny that it does haul up the sails in a delightfully easy manner, barring the noise. The stump speech was somewhat of a personal nature, and hit at the youthful doctor, concerning whom I gave you an anecdote—or what you like to call it—in my last. As for the programme, let me immortalise it in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

S. S. I.—

November, 1875.

By special permission of the Hon. the Clerk of the Fair Weather, and under the distinguished and lofty patronage of H.R.H. the Main Mast.

A Grand Entertainment of a Musical, Moral, Melodious and Magnificent Character will be given at the Theatre Royal Main Hatch (chickens not to be counted beforehand), by the celebrated "India-vidual Ethiopian Serenaders," whose choice company comprise—
A Shining Light—Mr. Solomon,
A Brilliant Comet—Mr. Sambo,
and
A Falling Star—Mr. Pompey.

Eight original songs will be sung,
Two original orations orated,
Fifty original riddles riddled,
and a thousand hearty bursts of laughter heartily bursted.
The most sumptuous refreshments will be provided for all (who pay for them).
Soft and luxurious Stalls and Sofas will be there (if anyone brings them).

A million bright and brilliant stars will illuminate the festive scene; but the Moon will unfortunately not be able to appear, being detained by circumstances over which she has no control. Four Oil Lamps, have, however, kindly consented to fill her place; and

the Sun has generously promised to rise very early in the morning and light the Revellers Home.

To commence punctually at Eight o'Clock (if no sooner or no later).
Entrance Free and Easy.

N.B.—The Serenaders beg leave to be allowed to appear with black eyes.

It is particularly requested that no one will throw gold or precious stones at the performers' heads.
Any one refusing to go away when the performance is over may stop where they are.

A subscription will be raised after the performance for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

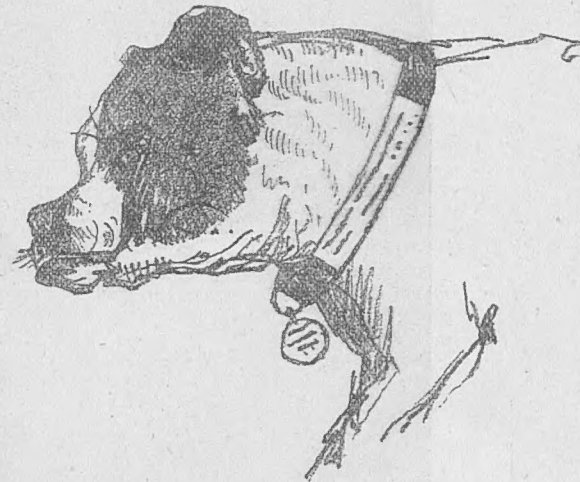
God Save the Queen.

I am afraid the performance did not come up to the high

anticipations raised by the playbill. The three Ethiopians did their best. One played the constant-screamer (concertina, I should say), another the bones, and the third, in default of any other instrument, treated a large-sized biscuit-tin in the same way as a pedagogue does a naughty boy. The concertina unfortunately pitched the note too high, and directly the music in any of the songs passed a certain scale the drummer descended an octave, the concertina-player stopped altogether, and bones, with the recklessness of despair, plunged into falsetto, which was higher (as a young lady put it) than the mainmast. A very pretty little stage had been "rigged up" on the main hatch, covered in with canvas, and the inside adorned with flags and lamps. The whole of the passengers, and a goodly portion of the "crowd for'ard," attended the performance, and on the whole a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Ere closing this letter I should like to say a few words with regard to the commercial part of the voyage. As I have said in a previous letter, the first-class return fare to Bombay from Liverpool by the Anchor line is £80, and the second class £42. The saving is, therefore, £38, a sum not to be sneezed at if a man limits his expenditure for the whole trip to £200. Now, speaking honestly, I would advise no one to travel second class unless he can adapt himself to his company, because a man who is proud and unsociable would probably have a very disagreeable time of it. At the same time, no fault can be found with the table kept in the second cabin, and on this ship ice has been supplied to all alike. The second-class saloon is small and dark, and somewhat dirty, which is by far the worst fault of all; but there is (at any rate on board this vessel) very little difference between the first and second class state rooms, the latter being, if anything, the larger, and, as they are amidstships, certainly the steadier. I shall, however, be in a position to speak with more certainty on the respective merits of first and second class when I return home, and so no more on this subject for the present.

Wishing to avoid all unnecessary trouble, I determined, when leaving England, not to have my guns packed in tin-lined boxes, but to simply take them in their cases, and to keep them in my cabin. Of course I oiled them well previously, and, furthermore, plastered them with mercurial ointment. Twice in the voyage I took them out—once when we had been at sea a fortnight, and the other time this morning. There was a mere suspicion of rust on the outside of one of the barrels, and that was all. The barrels themselves were airtight, being plugged with an oiled cartridge at the breech and a greasy wad at the end. I gave them a little more oil, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that when I reach my shooting-ground I shall not have the trouble of opening a tin-lined case (together with the probability of jaggging my fingers), and then have half an hour's work to get my guns into order, during which time I am impatient to get afield. My armoury consists of a double-barrel express rifle, a double-barrel gun, and a revolver (the latter a very useless thing, to my thinking; but it's an old and travelled friend, and so I take it), all by E. M. Reilly, which name alone is a guarantee for their excellence—more especially, perhaps, in India, where the best recommendation a gun can have is the name of its manufacturer stamped upon it—and Reilly and Henry are credentials which no Anglo-Indian would care to dispute if he were in the company of sportsmen.



LIVINGSTONE'S DOG.

TENT-PEGGING BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

THE special correspondent of the *Times* writes from Calcutta on Dec. 31:—"Tent-pegging—feats of horsemanship by troopers of the 10th Bengal Cavalry, mostly Towanna men. The delusions prevalent about the covert sides of England, that no men can ride but Englishmen, and the fond faith of Irish foxhunters that there is no race in the world like the natives of the Green Isle far 'hippodamic' prowess, might be somewhat shaken if they had seen these swarthy gentlemen this morning. The Prince went out about nine, attended by General Probyn and others, to see the men at work, and was so much pleased at what he saw that he gave a fine hunting-knife to the best man. A British trooper would have probably received the unexpected gift with much delight and immense *mauvaise honte*, and walked off full of pride and shame-facedness. The Towanna man, quite delighted too, was able to express a wish that he might be allowed to wear the knife in his belt when in uniform, and the wish was acceded to. The British trooper would probably have been admonished suitably and severely reprehended by the authorities for such a request.

"Everyone knows that tent-pegging means riding full tilt with a lance at a tent-peg driven deep into the ground and carrying it off, if successful, on the point of the lance. If anyone thinks it easy to do this from the simple description, let him try it at Aldershot or elsewhere, remembering, however, that Indian tent-pegs are larger, longer, and stick deeper than those at home. The troopers dashed full gallop one after the other at the pegs, which were replaced as fast as they were drawn. Then rupees were put on the tent-pegs to be knocked off by the lance-point without touching the peg. That was done better and oftener than the succeeding exercise of cutting or spearing oranges on the tent-peg tops. Handkerchiefs were laid on the ground, and the troopers, riding hard, made swoops at them and missed or caught them up. One man managed to take three in succession in the same gallop. There were exhibitions of horsemanship which might be described as of a circus character, but for this difference—the horses were not ridden at a regulation stride at a skilfully adjusted angle, but were ridden boldly about on the hard plain, and everything was done by hand, bit, and balance."

MR. JOHN HOLMS, M.P., ON THE MOBILISATION OF OUR FORCES.

As our readers are doubtless aware, Mr. John Holms, M.P., is, and has been for some weeks past, on a lecturing tour in the provinces, the subject of his discourse being "The Mobilisation of Our Forces." As this journal is widely read by military men in all parts of the globe we have thought it advisable to afford the leading views of Mr. Holms the additional publicity of our columns. As far as our space will allow we have suffered him to speak for himself, on the one hand by means of the diagram which appears above, and on the other in the extracts from his lecture which follow these remarks. We neither indorse nor oppose his views. He is, however, entitled to receive from us and from all classes of politicians that degree of respect which is due to a reformer who has undertaken the solution of a problem that has for some time past forced itself on public attention. Whether or not "the Hackney Crusader"—as a provincial journal, in no unfriendly spirit, describes him—succeed in the accomplishment of his aims is not a question for us to consider. It is sufficient to know that Mr. Holms has brought to bear in the treatment of his vast subject much painstaking research, and has succeeded, such is his lucid arrangement of dry facts, in making a dull theme exceedingly interesting. Both opponents and adherents will derive instruction from his really admirable lecture.

"I protest against the scheme recently published by the War authorities having any claim to be called an army-corps system; it is nothing of the kind. An army-corps system means an army divided into equal parts, each of these parts being composed of a fair proportion of the various arms of the service, complete and perfect in itself, and the men composing it being drilled and accustomed to act together. It is also necessary that the troops composing an army corps should reside within a moderate radius of its head-quarters, and be ready to concentrate without a moment's unnecessary delay on an order being given; and each army corps should be as like another as peas in a pod, so that the general at the head of each will be

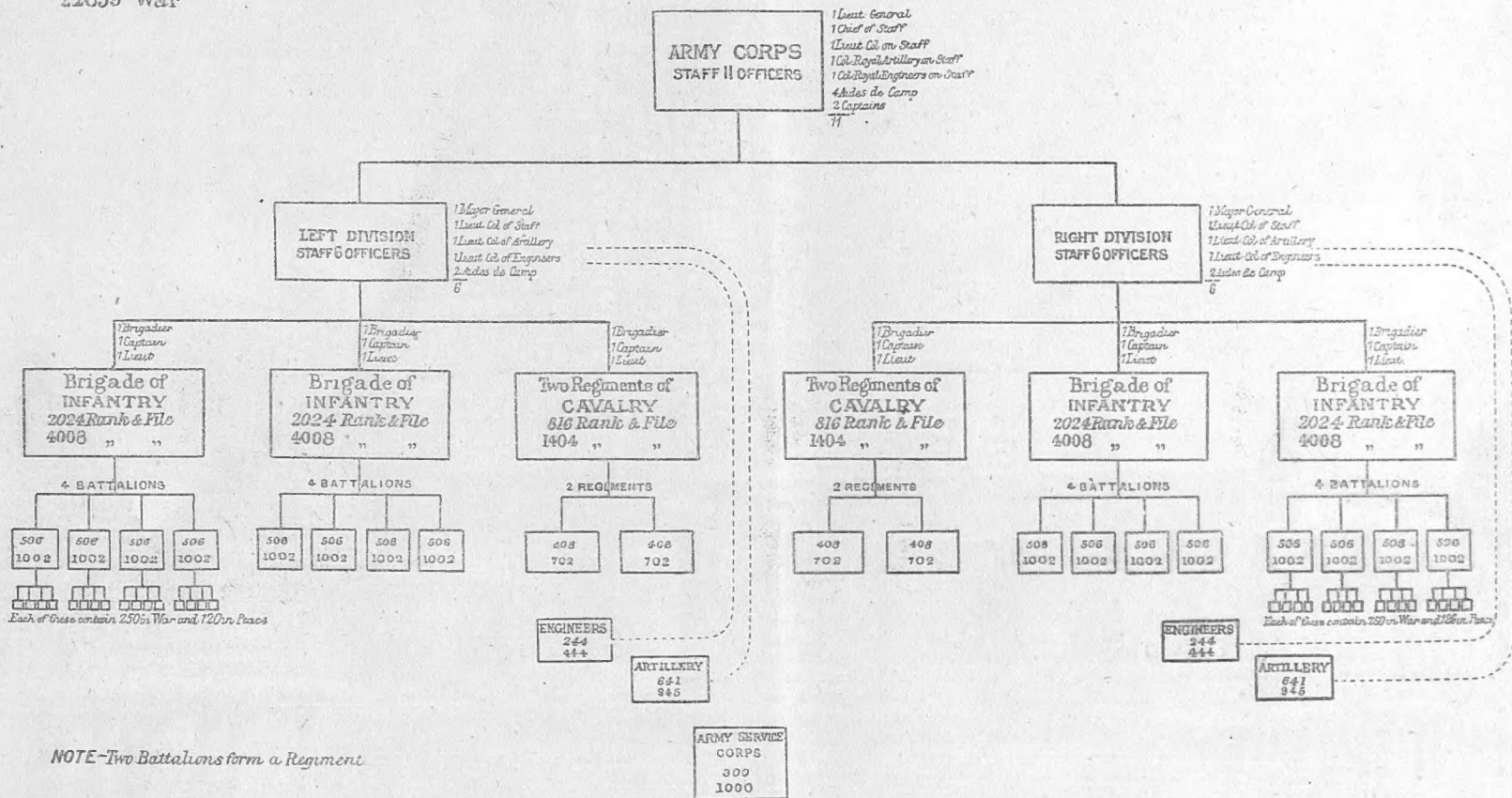
in fair competition the one with the other. Now let us look at the eight army corps proposed to be established by this new scheme. The force required is estimated at 102,636 trained men, and 187,168 militia-men who have not been trained; and how are these divided? We have one army corps numbering 36,228, composed altogether of regular troops; another is to consist of 24,142 regulars, and 12,086 militia-men; a third is to consist of 12,086 regulars, and 24,142 militia-men. The other five are alike, having each 6038 regulars and 30,190 militia-men. Then there is the garrison army, which is to be composed of 21,566 regulars and 34,301 militia-men—a total of 124,202 regulars and 221,469 militia. As regards mere numbers, then, this scheme will involve an increase of one fifth in our regular Army, and it will more than double our militia. Now, what prospect have we of obtaining this large additional number of men? Take the militia for example. In 1872 the House of Commons authorised the enrolment of 139,000 militia-men; but from that day to this we have never been able to muster more than 100,000 in round numbers. Upon what, then, do our military authorities base their hope of obtaining greatly more than double this number? But let us grant that the men can be got. I will show that this scheme of mobilisation is no more than a delusion and a sham. Three fourths of these army corps are to be composed of militia, which are thrown about in the most grotesque manner, as if to make annual trainings in army corps impossible, and to ensure the wildest confusion in case of invasion.

"Our military authorities have far outwitted the French in increasing the difficulties of concentration; their scheme of mobilisation is unsound and full of palpable blunders. But let me take the third division of their second army corps, with head-quarters at Dorking, in Surrey. A portion of it is the Perth militia, who will have to travel 473 miles to reach their dépôt; the Ayr and Renfrew militia, which also form part of this division, will have to travel almost as far; whilst from the other end of the kingdom the Cork militia is to find its way a distance of 566 miles to meet them, and the Galway militia will have to travel nearly as far. Here a point arises

which we must consider. Are we to understand that the War Department seriously intends that all these regiments of militia from the extreme corners of Scotland and of Ireland are to travel to Dorking and back, travelling about 1000 miles each every year for their annual training? Yet without this how is the army corps to be trained and disciplined? How is its commanding officer to become acquainted with the qualities and capacity of his troops? If we accept either proposition this mobilisation scheme will involve us in an enormous additional expense, and it is (what I have already ventured to say of it) nothing but a delusion and a sham. Then take the division whose head-quarters are to be at Dublin. The Edinburgh militia are to come there, travelling 250 miles, and the Inverness militia are to join them, travelling 336 miles. Then look at Scotland. The division at Melrose is to be supplied by the militia from York, from Westmoreland, and from Fermanagh. Let us look at the force with which it is proposed to defend Tilbury Fort in the event of an invasion. The militia of Northumberland, the Argyll and Bute militia, are to be there; the militia of Antrim are also to be there; so that forces from the most extreme distances in England, Scotland, and Ireland are to be concentrated on the banks of the Thames. Portsmouth is to be defended by the militia from Haddington, from Forfar, and from Aberdeen. Only think of our most important port on the southern coast being dependent for its defence upon a militia force from Aberdeen, which has to travel 610 miles before it can reach it. And now I come to a most noticeable feature in this mobilisation scheme. You must all remember the interest and excitement created during the Franco-Prussian War by the actions of the German uhlans: their foresight, their intelligence, their excellent horsemanship, good training, and the knowledge they possessed of the enemy's country attracted universal admiration. The uhlans form a very important branch of the German army, and are connected with each army corps. Our military authorities have evidently a strong desire to emulate them; and, in order to make John Bull believe that this important feature in an army-corps

ARMY CORPS
11839 Peace
22659 War

NOTE—Figures in time of War shown THUS, in time of Peace THUS.



system has not been neglected, they have determined upon giving us our uhlans in the shape of the yeomanry cavalry. Now, I am not inclined to be hard upon our yeomanry; there are, no doubt, many excellent horsemen among them, and their training and discipline is perhaps as good as could be expected from their eight days' practice in a year. How far their qualifications in these respects are to be compared with those possessed by the carefully-trained German uhlans I will leave you to judge. They might have been of some value, certainly, as guides and scouts in their own counties, for the majority of them do possess a fair knowledge of their own neighbourhood; but our military authorities, with that perverseness which characterises their whole scheme, seek to deprive them even of this small value which they might possess. The yeomanry of Buckingham, for example, are to muster and to serve in Essex; the yeomanry of Oxford are to go to Surrey to serve as guides to the Perth and Cork militia in that beautiful county; the yeomanry of Warwick are to travel to Redhill to guide the Tyrone militia; and the Staffordshire yeomanry are to travel 126 miles to Croydon to perform the same good service to the Kilkenny militia; the Leicestershire yeomanry are to travel 145 miles to Tunbridge Wells; the Ayrshire yeomanry are to go to Edinburgh to guide the Kerry militia; while the horsemen of Northumberland are to travel to Melrose to show the Fermanagh militia through the roads and lanes of Roxburghshire. But this is not the whole case. When the Perth and Cork militia reach Dorking that is but the rendezvous of their division, which division may have to march upon another point, to be indicated by the commander-in-chief. Now just suppose for a moment that a foreign enemy threatened a descent upon Lancashire, and that all our strength was to be concentrated there without delay, you would have the extraordinary spectacle of a regiment of militia travelling from Perth to Dorking, from Dorking back again to Lancashire, half-way home. Could you conceive of a scheme more likely to invite delay and provoke disaster?

"Will you pardon my pointing to this diagram, which shows in a simple form how an army corps can be organised in this country? You are as capable of judging of its constitution and of its efficiency as any general in Europe: military affairs

now are necessarily regulated upon principles so simple that even a schoolboy can understand them. In order that business men may easily and clearly understand what an army corps is I have prepared a diagram showing the composition of an army corps, with its two divisions. A division is the usual conventional word taken to mean a force of men in which the four arms—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers—are all represented. By this diagram business men will see how little mystery there is in understanding the condition of any army founded upon sound organisation. Let a man understand one army corps and he understands readily everything else, and would be in a position to judge of the condition and cost of our Army more easily than he can understand that of almost any other of our institutions. The lieutenant-general at the head of the army corps is responsible for everything of every kind; the major-generals of each division are his right and left hands, each being responsible for his division, they each looking to their three brigadiers, who are responsible for the infantry and cavalry, and two officers of his staff—viz., the lieutenant-colonel of artillery and of engineers, who are responsible for their respective arms; and so, from the lieutenant-general down to the drummer-boy, all is connected, and the responsibility of each officer is clearly and well defined. It will be seen also that an army-corps system requires a certain proportion of each arm, so that enlistment should be for, as nearly as possible, the same term of years, so as to maintain a regular flow of men into each arm from the outside, and a regular flow from it to furlough or reserve. An army corps is, to a well-organised military force, exactly what a department is to a large wholesale business house. An efficient and well-paid man is put at the head of it, with ample power and authority, and he is expected to show good results. Clear and well-defined authority and responsibility are the mainsprings of the Prussian system of administration. Every captain is as anxious about the efficiency of his company as the general is about that of his army corps. The eye of the superior commanding officer is over all, for his own credit and reputation are dependent upon the good work done by all under him. Nearly every man in each army corps is known to each other, and each arm of the service is accustomed to work

in harmony with the other. They are ready to go into action in a few days' notice, equipped, perfect, and ready for action on the shortest notice possible. As each army corps manages its own affairs, very little is left for the War Department to do but to maintain a general supervision and control."

SALE OF THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD'S HUNTERS.—The following horses, the property of the Marquis of Blandford, were sold at Tattersall's last Monday:—Khiva (Mr. Chapman), 350gs; Milkmaid (Mr. Hunt), 125gs; Salute (Mr. Hunt), 125gs; Rory (Mr. Fisher), 130gs; and Firebrand (Mr. Crawshaw), 100gs. His Lordship gave 300gs for the last-named at the sale of Lord Carington's horses, in October last.

TRUFFLE-CULTURE.—The *Garden* informs us that large tracts of land in the south of France, not hitherto cultivated, are being planted with the kind of oak-trees beneath which truffles are generally found; and it is expected that each acre of this land, lately sold as low as £5, will yield a crop of truffles worth £20 a year. The experiment has been tried in the department of the Vaucluse, and in the course of the last twenty years 150,000 acres, which were absolutely unproductive, have been planted, and are yielding a rich return. The cost of plantation, which is borne by the commune, does not exceed 17s. per acre on hilly ground; and, though rather greater in the low lands, the crops are proportionately heavier. Acorns only are planted on the hilly ground, but saplings of five or six years' growth, placed in rows about 40ft apart, are found to answer best in the lowlands. The ground between the rows is planted with vines, which, after five or six years, repay the cost of the plantation and its culture.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*John Scott*.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet. [Adv.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

THE BIG GAME OF NORWAY.

By "STRAKT."

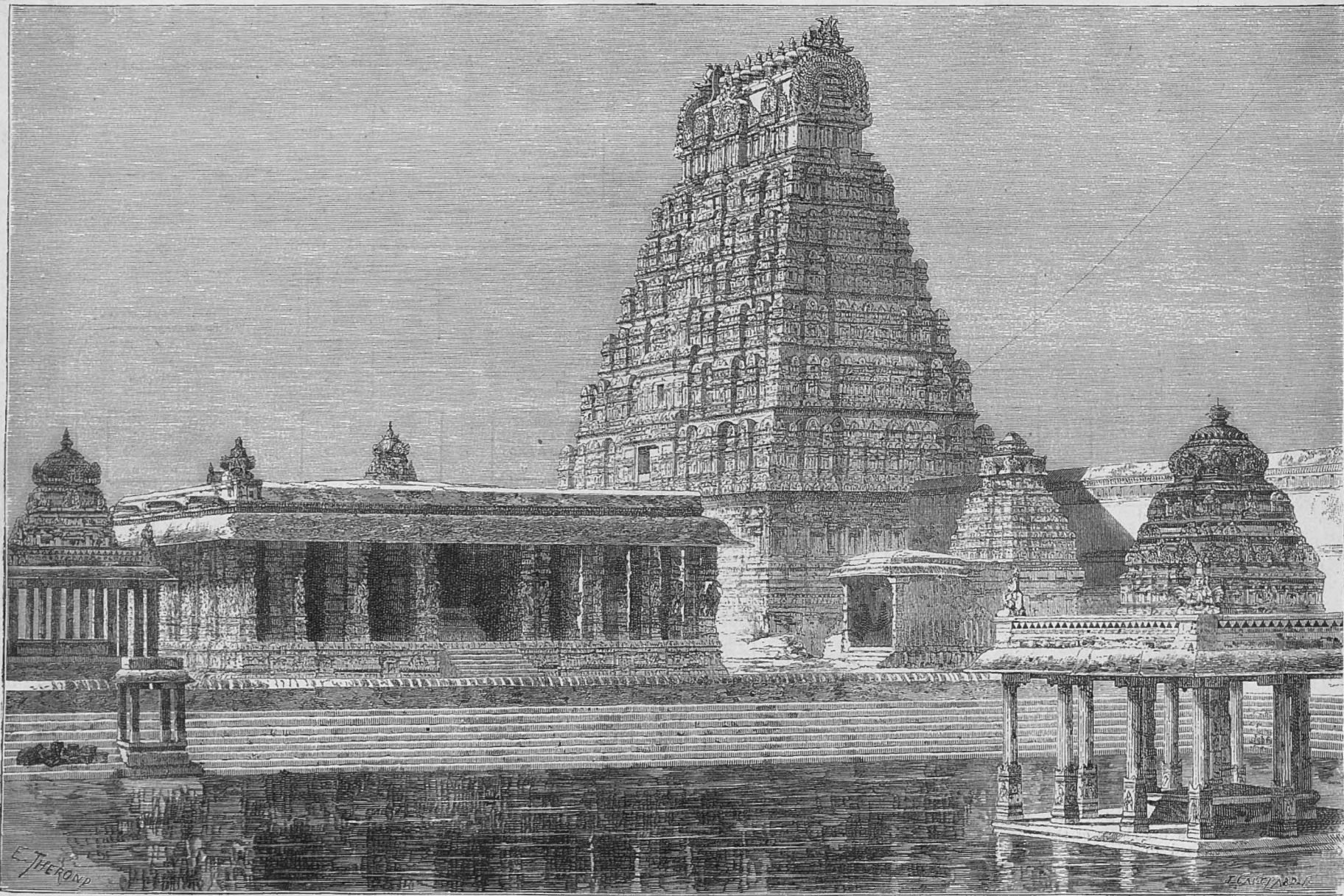
THE ELK—(concluded).

THOUGH it is somewhat unfortunate that the peculiar conditions of climate of our country do not permit of the presence of a living specimen of the elk in the gardens of the Zoological Society, the general appearance of the animal is sufficiently familiar to anyone interested in sport or natural history to make it unnecessary for me to go into a long description of what he looks like. Still, some brief notes on the subject, partly the result of personal observation and partly derived from the labours of competent and acknowledged authorities, may not be out of place here. In fact, my contributions on the subject before me would be incomplete without something of the kind. Every sportsman is, whether from choice or not, more or less of a naturalist. Many men doubtless look upon the natural history of an animal as a secondary consideration to the sport of killing it. But, to be successful in the pursuit of your game, you must be something more than a good shot, and able to stand fatigue and capable of roughing it. The winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon would, if nothing more, be simply nowhere when compared with an indifferent shot, well versed in the habits and behaviour of such a wary animal as the elk. I make no further apologies, therefore, for bringing my notice of the elk to a conclusion in the manner indicated above, but will at once set to work to do so.

Inasmuch as it is with the modern variety of the elk with which I have to deal, I will not go into any question as to the identity of the living animal with the fossils found in Ireland or elsewhere. Palæontology is a subject that would be quite out of place here, and "the dead past" may be left to take care of itself. An intending sportsman would object to the introduction of such a thing into this journal as much as Mr. Weller's mottle-faced friend did to the introduc-

tion of politics into a song. What he wants to know, if he does not know it already, is where to go for his sport more than anything else, and the most ordinary query is about to the following effect:—"If I want to hunt elk how far north have I got to go?" The idea that in Norway one's "got to go" to the Ultima Thule of the country is a common one amongst those who have never been there. Why this should be so I cannot say; but that it is so I know. The fact actually is, that the best general sport is to be had much further south than people think, and the particular sport of elk-hunting is not to be had at all much above the latitude of Thronthjem. Fifty years ago, according to Cuvier, the northern limit of the elk was the sixty-fifth parallel, and that may be taken as about correct at the present time. I may incidentally mention, to save any one the trouble of referring to a map, that the latitude of Thronthjem is between 63 deg. and 64 deg., so that it may be roughly stated that elk are not to be met with more than one hundred English miles north of the cathedral city. Now, though the northern limit of the habitat of the elk is still the same as it was half a century ago, there has been a great curtailment in the extent over which he roams nowadays. What may be described as a pressure from without, and especially from the south, has led to this curtailment, and so great has been this pressure that, in Lister and Mandal's Amt, the most southern in the country, the animal is, and for some time past has been, completely unknown; at any rate, I have never heard of one being met with there. And fifty years ago elk existed in parts of Prussia. So much for the range of country, and now for the class of country where we may expect to "happen on to" our game. Now, it is a thing perhaps not generally known that a forest in Norway is very different to a so-called deer-forest in Scotland or such a forest as Exmoor, where the usual component parts of what is generally understood as a forest are conspicuous by their absence. A forest in Norway is not a rocky, sterile cross

between a moor and a mountain, but is actually, in the words of the dictionary, "an extensive wood or a large tract of land covered with trees." And it is in such forests that elk are to be found during the season. These are for the most part fir, either red or white pine; and, in fact, beyond the fir limit, as a matter of altitude, elk are not to be met with. To give any precise idea of the actual locality to go to in search of the particular spot of which I now write would be comparatively useless, as elk are sufficiently migratory to overthrow any precise calculations. They may have been over-hunted by man, or over-hunted by other animals, in one particular district to such an extent as to compel them to change their quarters. However, when you do get a chance and mean to avail yourself of it, you will do well to leave the arrangements for the hunt in the hands of your guide, be he host or hunter, bearing in mind one or two little matters of woodcraft worthy of mention here. The most important thing to remember is that, in comparison with other members of the deer family, the elk is most remarkable for its keen sense of hearing. He can see pretty quickly too, though his sense of smell is not very great. It is, however, to his sense of hearing that he trusts when hunted; and you may have a hard day's walk for nothing, and lose your only chance of getting a shot, through making the slightest possible noise; and when an elk is once alarmed he doesn't wait to see what it is all about, but "makes tracks" directly, as a rule, in a straight line, without troubling himself about obstacles or the evident traces he leaves of his path. It is generally of little use following him up, under these circumstances, and it is better to look out for the trail of another that has not been disturbed, and is merely "taking his walks abroad" in the usual way. In addition to forest-land, it should be mentioned that elk are very partial to marshy places, where they can obtain a change of food, mostly birch-leaves and bark. Having said as much about the elk as need be, I will in my next paper give some account of the reindeer.



AN INDIAN TEMPLE AND SACRED TANK, CONJEVERAM, MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

No. IV.—A FAMOUS SOUTH INDIAN TEMPLE.

OUR Engraving of the famous Hindoo temple at Conjevaram, in the Madras Presidency, will be found interesting from several points of view. The old Anglo-Indian will at once recognise in it a faithful representation of one of the most ancient and remarkable of the Brahminical shrines of the Deccan. That sky, without speck or stain of cloud, is a truly Indian one. That great massive tower of the pagoda is as representative a one as any to be found in India. Under it dwells—so the Brahmins will tell you—"Katchi Yehamban," the One Supreme Lord, the Unapproachable, the Eternal Self-Existent, the Almighty Most High. Near the tower, with its wonderfully florid carvings, stand small pagodas, and a sculptured "chuttram," or sacred shed for pilgrims. Nearer still is a noble flight of granite steps, down which, for more than three centuries, the feet of votaries of "Yehamban" have passed, to wash their sins away in the holy water of the pool into which the stairs descend. Some seventy years ago, so tradition asserts, the votaries became, on one occasion, rather unexpectedly turbulent. An affray ensued. The priests seized knives and rushed upon them. The life-blood of about thirty pilgrims stained that water. But, after due ceremonies, the sacred tank was re-consecrated. It is now a sheet of stagnant green. After monsoon time, when recent rains have poured clear showers into it, it is tolerably presentable as a bathing-place for persons who desire to be cleaner, and not dirtier, after a dip. However, as a rule, the "Katchi" tank is generally green as a plantain leaf, and, under the sun, has an oily glisten, probably derived in most part from the unctuous Brahmins who perform their ablutions in it.

To the right hand of our Engraving a small temple may be noticed. It stands in the very centre of the tank, and is esteemed of great sanctity. It certainly is beautifully carved. Figures of gods adorn the corners of the terrace which encircles the tower. On the tower itself are other figures, elaborately cut out of stone. The great temple tower is handsomer, but not half so exquisite in its details. Nor is that chief tower the finest of Hindoo sacred monuments in Southern India. In its proportions it is by no means as slender and lofty and elegant as several others further south, especially at Madura. It is stately and massive, perhaps little more. However, no tower of South Indian temples could more accurately represent the general character of the shrines which form the architectural peculiarity of India from the Godavery to Cape Comorin. The greatest devotee which the temple ever had was probably Pattanattu Pillei, the Tamil poet. He composed many mellifluous poems in honour of his favourite shrine. He was a rich Sudra of Madras, who suddenly distributed all his wealth to the poor of that city, and travelled forth as an ascetic mendicant, whose only business it was to contemplate God, to sing praises in his honour, and to eat of anything that a passer-by might offer him. He journeyed to Conjevaram, and composed some most brilliant hymns in honour of "Yehamban." Many stanzas in these hymns end designedly with the same refrain, "Katchi Yekhambanè!"—viz., "O One Lord of Conjevaram!" Pattanattu Pillei soon acquired great sanctity in the eyes of Hindoos. Many cast flowers before his feet as he went, Rajahs garlanded him with pearls whiter than jasmine-buds, myriads of pilgrims flocked to the shrine of his laudation and adoption, and the name of Conjevaram rose to be a magic and immortal power in the religious annals of Southern India. In the Engraving

before him the reader sees the interior of the temple; but there are many gloomy recesses in it which may only be entered by the holiest Brahmin priests. The temple of itself is a great landed proprietor. The wealth of thousands of broad acres of the most fertile lands in the northern portion of the Madras Presidency flows into its coffers. The Brahmin trustees batten on the gifts of pilgrims. There is said to be a "reserve fund" in the shape of a treasure-room, heaped with diamonds and rubies, in the central tower of the shrine. And the chief sacerdotal authority of the place is powerful enough to exercise most of the functions of an independent Sovereign. Rumour even darkly hints at his having had now and then to carry out the extreme judicial sentence. Some of these Indian temples are, it is to be feared, often the last resort of criminals flying from British law. They find in them an inviolable sanctuary. The English visitor may penetrate far into them, but he must not go near the innermost holy of holies. Some temples are said to have treasure-chambers guarded in a peculiar fashion. Broods of deadly snakes are fostered in them. Food is from time to time thrown into them to keep the reptiles alive. Experience seems to have taught natives that there are few better and more wakeful guardians of gold and gems than cobras, who are inaccessible to bribes! It is difficult, however, to believe all that is said about the bat-haunted, window-less, secret central recesses of the largest and most holy of Hindoo shrines. But we may, in conclusion, refer to a fact which is undeniably historical. An old unused well, which was choked up with stones and rubbish, &c., in the precincts of Trichnagudi Temple, in Tinnevely, South India, was a short time ago cleared out, for the purpose of a Government engineering work. Some score of skeletons of infants were discovered in it!